Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"One of the Princess Pats" A War Story By Llew

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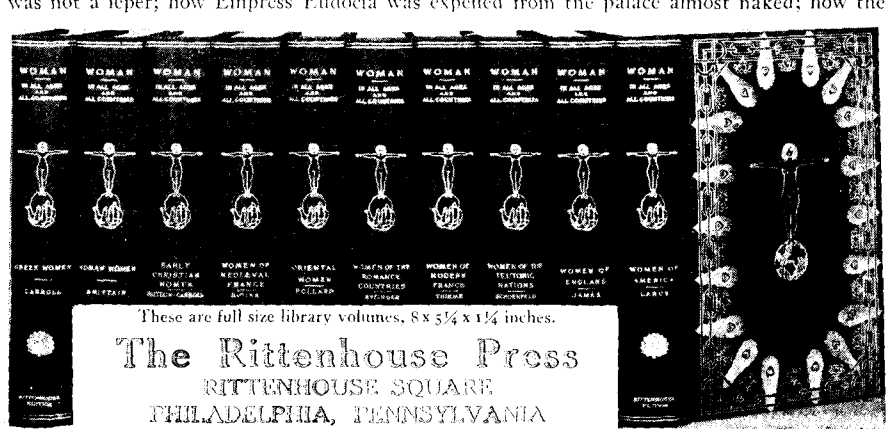
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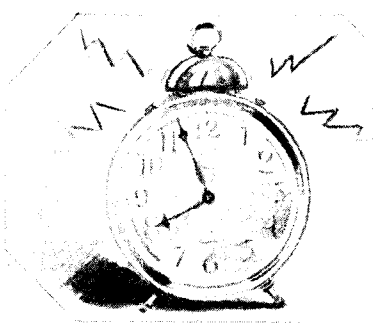
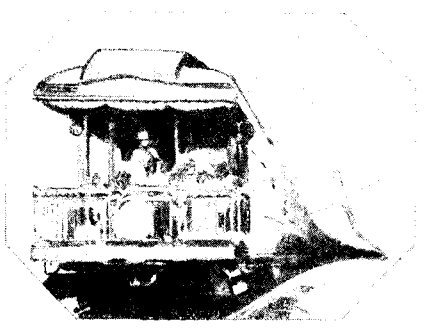
Plenty of time



MONDAY
Hurry up

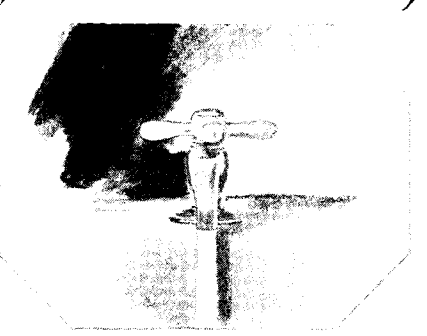
TUESDAY
Feeling fine

WEDNESDAY
Out of sorts



THURSDAY
On the train

FRIDAY
Hot Water



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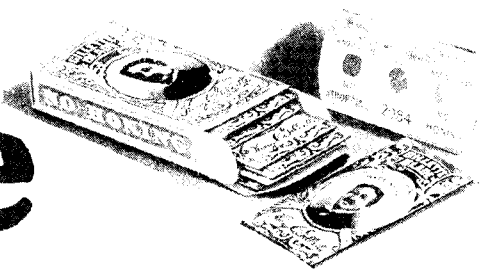

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The war romance of a bold Samaritan with two large fists and one big heart

One of the Princess Pats

By Llewellyn Hughes

She glanced up at him incuriously. "Gee, kid," he sympathized, "that sure is tough. Were you in the house when it happened?"

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HE LURCHED out of the cinema and strode off in the direction of the Whitechapel Road: a young but determined-looking individual, square-jawed, roughly handsome, his cap at a saucy angle, the collar of his great coat turned up.

It was late. The pubs were long since closed. War measures, eh? A fine way to treat a fellow after seven months in the trenches! Well, what the hell! Lots of places where he could get beer, and no M. P.—Member of Parliament or Military Policeman—was going to stop him. One more day. That's all he had. A night and a day.

Aggressively he swung his arms. On his sleeves were oblong red patches. First Division! That's what they stood for! Valcartier, September, 1914. Salisbury Plains, 1914. The first gas attack, 1915. Also, in shining block capitals of brass, the word CANADA. One of the Princess Pats!

Middlesex Street. Swarming with Jews. Russian refugees. Scrubby little men, dressed in black, talking and gesticulating in groups. What were they jabbering about? Last night's air raid? The damage to Liverpool Street station? Hell!

"Say, where can a guy get a drink round here?"

"No spik Engleesh."

"No spik Engleesh, eh?" Joe yanked out his pay-book. Between its pages lay three one-pound notes and a ten-shilling one. The latter he threw on the pavement.

"Money, money, money," he taunted. "All right—I'll fight any three of you for ten bob. Winner take all. Come on if you want to take a chance."

THEY melted away in front of him, withdrew into the dark mysterious doorways of their dark mysterious homes. Joe laughed. Picking up his money he went roaring down the street. One of the Princess Pats!

Joe loved the nights when London's immensity was darkened, when street lamps threw a soft blue circle on the pavements, when gloomy lanes were avenues of adventure. Little or no adventure had come his way. Fighting, fist and bayonet, hitch-hiking across Canada and the States, logging, binding wheat—that was adventure enough for any man, anyway.

Cloudy tonight. No air raid. Too bad. The visit of a Zeppelin tickled him. It provided excitement, the dish he thrived on.

He liked to see men, women and children running like stampeded cattle to the nearest shelter. It amused him, permitted him to show off.

Crossing the Whitechapel Road, he swung down a narrow, crooked street. Gangs of men stood at the corners, men with caps pulled over their eyes and hands thrust into the front pockets of their bell-bottomed trousers.

"Tom Darby's missus got it. And the nipper, too. The blinkin' bomb crashed right through the blinkin' roof. Gawd! and Tommy over in France. . . ."

London's costermongers. They were O. K. with Joe Miller. He'd seen them scrap, here in Whitechapel and across the Channel. And they *could* scrap. Like bantam cocks. Most of them had joined up in '14. Those who still wore the bell-bottomed trousers, were undersized and undernourished, had failed to pass physical muster. It was no fault of theirs.

"Hey, fellers—where can a guy get a pint this time of night?"

"'Ullo, Canada! What's that you want? A pint? How abaht jumpin' into the Tilbury Docks? All the pints you want down there—for nuffin'."

Joe Miller snorted. "What's that?" he demanded. "A wise-crack?"

WITHOUT a moment's hesitation a little coster came dancing over, shoulders working, elbows pointed, fists clenched; a challenging bantam cock. Joe grinned at him. One sock, and the little runt's jaw would be broken. Joe was loath to let it go. Then, to his astonishment, the bantam offered his hand.

"Wot ho!" he chirped. "The Princess Pats! Strike me pink! Righto, Canada—you're all right, and 'ere's me blinkin' fin. Naw, look 'ere. Tyke the fust turnin' on yer right—see?—then two lefts till yer come to the Stepney Road. Go down there till yer come to Merry Lane. Awsk for Charlie Ming's place. Yer cawn't miss it. Lots o' beer there—and a pipe, too, if yer wants it."

Joe nodded, relaxed his muscles and strode on.

Stepney Road was a narrow thoroughfare, dark, silent and deserted. The houses on both sides of it were semi-detached and all exactly alike. Chinks of light showed under some of the windows. There was no other sign of life.

Suddenly, silhouetted against the murky sky, the even line of roof and chimney was rudely broken. An ominous gap revealed the caving-in of two houses. A stray bomb had fallen there. Tragedy seemed to lurk over the ruins.

Joe crossed the road to view the damage more closely. On a broken doorstep, barely discernible in the doorway, was a young girl. Her elbows rested on her

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drawn-up knees. In the gloom Joe could see the white of it where a hole in her stocking exposed her skin. Her skirt was bedraggled, her blouse too large for her shoulders. A shapeless hat was perched on a wealth of fair, untidy hair. As he drew nearer she glanced up at him incuriously.

"Gee, kid," he sympathized, "that sure is tough. Were you in the house when it happened?" She shook her head.

"Well, maybe you weren't lucky. What happened to your folks? They get it? Hope none of 'em was killed?"

For a moment it seemed as though she didn't want to answer him. Then she said:

"I don't live here."

"Ooh, I thought maybe—the way you was sitting here—this time of night—" He shifted. "Don't live here, eh? Where do you hang out then?"

Again she seemed unwilling to reply. Finally she said:

"Nowhere."

"Nowhere? What's that mean. Telling me to mind my own business, I guess. All right, kid—I'll be on my way. Where's Merry Lane?"

"I don't know," came the murmur. Her voice was soft and gentle and indescribably forlorn. It suggested the depths of privation and loneliness. The girl had come to the end of her tether.

"You don't know anything, do you?" he said brutally. "Don't know where Merry Lane is—don't know your own home—don't know anything—"

"I HAVEN'T got a home now. And I can't get any work."

"Why—what's the trouble?"

No answer.

Women liked Joe Miller. But for the most part he was absolutely indifferent to them, considered them a nuisance. This one was an annoying interruption in the course of his beer-hunting.

"One thing's sure," he told her. "You won't find work sitting on your thumb. What's more, you better look out for yourself. That wall's liable to come crashing down right on top of you."

Her reply was a whisper. "I wish it would."

"What's that you said?"

"I've been sitting here on purpose. I've been hoping they'd drop another bomb. It would be much better for me if they did."

Private Joe Miller squared his jaw. "Hey, you better snap out of it. Hey, come along with me. Get a glass of beer into you."

"Beer?"

"That's what I said. Beer. There's a place down Merry Lane—wherever that is."

"I'd sooner have a cup of tea—if—if you wouldn't mind."

"Tea!"

"And—and something to eat. You see, I haven't—haven't—"

Slowly she got to her feet, slowly came towards him. She was small, pitifully thin, but straight and gentle and wholly feminine. All he could see of her face was its oval contour, its pallor. He stood there peering at her.

"What's your name?"

"Katie. Katie . . . Smith."

"All right. Call me Joe. And in case you don't know it, I'm a Canadian—one of the Princess Pats!" He threw back his shoulders, held himself erect.

It had no apparent effect on her. The mention of that famous regiment failed to evoke the slightest enthusiasm.

"Well, come on," he growled, striding off.

She followed on behind him, taking two steps to his one, her little worn-out shoes pattering wearily on the pavement.

Merry Lane belied its name. Narrow, dismal, dirty, it was dark as a vault and every whit as noisome. Without seeing a show of light except a thin gleam behind some basement shutters, Joe walked down the length of it and brought up against a brick wall. Cursing, he retraced his steps, the girl still behind him, went down to a basement and rapped on a door. A wooden shutter moved. Through the small aperture a yellow face peered out.

"Where's Charlie Ming's? I want a glass of beer."

The Chinaman blinked once or twice. "Alri'," he decided. "Come in."

The door opened and Joe entered. The room that received him was low and long, hazy with tobacco smoke and something that smelled like incense. Chinamen sat around some of the small iron tables, smoking and playing dominoes. Two or three East London rats—puny, dull-eyed, white-faced individuals, their narrow shoulders hunched—were drinking beer. Joe's companion attracted attention because she was the only woman there.

"What you want?"

"A glass of beer—and some tea for the missus here."

"No tea."

"No tea? Tea comes from China, don't it? The Chink's favorite beverage, ain't it? What the hell! Make it snappy."

"Alri'."

"And bring something to eat."

"No eat."

"I said something to eat."

"Food velly scarce. War. Restaurant for eat. Restaurant all shut."

THE Chinaman moved away, his slippered feet whispering.

"Sorry, kid," said Joe. "You'll have to manage on tea, I guess. Wait till I get a couple of beers, then we'll go hunt up some chow."

She sat very still on her iron-backed chair, her hands in her lap. He saw that she was wearing gloves. Despite the fact that her fingers came out through the tips they gave her an air of respectability. Maybe she wore them so as to make a better showing when she asked for work. Why couldn't she find work? Something strange about that, thought Joe. With all the men in uniform, there must be thousands of jobs going begging.

Suddenly she lifted her head and looked at him. She was pretty. There was a humid softness in her eyes, an expression of rectitude, wholesomeness, innocence. Truthful, too. Those eyes couldn't lie. Meeting them, Joe Miller was conscious of his crudities, his square, pugnacious jaw, his huge, ungainly hands.

"You're a queer little kid," he told her.

She said nothing.

"Hoping that wall would fall on you, eh? Hoping they'd drop a bomb on you. Tired of life? Say! you can't be a day older than nineteen or thereabouts, and a girl like you ought to have lots of friends. Round nineteen," he repeated. "Isn't that right?"

He got no reply.

"The trouble with you," he said, "is that you argue too much. You've got too much lip—too much to say for yourself. I can't get a word in edgeways."

Noiselessly Charlie Ming appeared with the beer and a cup of tea.

"Me solly," he said. "No sugar—no milk."

Joe passed the cup across the table. She sipped the tea hungrily.

"If I was you I'd have a glass of beer. Got more body to it than tea."

She shook her head.

"Is your tea all right?"

"Yes, thank you."

"There you go!" he grinned. "Arguing again. How you can talk!"

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Her eyelids flickered in a misty little smile.

Two men came in. Joe watched them over the girl's shoulder. Instinctively he associated them with trouble. One was a lean and powerfully shouldered fellow with the neck and face of a pugilist. There was a growth of beard on his chin. Round his throat, slovenly tied, was a colored neckerchief.

Obviously, the other man was his hanger-on, his crony. They sat at a table slightly behind and to the left, and instantly went into a whispered conference, their eyes furtively surveying Joe. Charlie Ming brought them beer.

"Who are them guys?" Joe, standing, preparing to depart, was about to pay his bill; three glasses of beer and two cups of tea.

"Me dunno," murmured Charlie Ming. "Me no see them before."

WITH a prodigal carelessness Joe produced his pay-book, displaying his money.

"Got to spend this before seven o'clock tomorrow," he boasted. "Come on, kid, let's go out and eat."

Submissively she rose, looked over her shoulder and saw the two men. For a second she stood there trembling. Then, putting her fingers up to her mouth, she ran for the door.

The Chinaman moved away, his slippered feet whispering. "Sorry, kid," said Joe. "Wait till I get a couple of beers, then we'll go hunt up some chow"

"Hey!" yelled Joe. "What's your hurry?"

She stopped. Slowly she backed towards him, her gaze on the man with the colored neckerchief. He had risen. With the slouch of a gorilla he came over to her, a leer dragging down his mouth.

"So that's the game, is it?" he sneered. "I ain't good enough for yer, eh? Yer'd sooner take up with soldiers! Would yer!"

Joe thrust her behind him.

"Say, you!" he roared. "What d'you mean—soldiers."

"I'll bleedin' well show yer wot I mean, Canada."

He lashed out, caught Joe flush on the cheek-bone, split the skin and sent him sprawling. Instantly there was a wild commotion in the place, the Chinamen scurrying to safety. The girl screamed once, and cowered against the wall.

Joe, shaking his head, got up. Swaying for a moment, he swung the tables and chairs out of the way, clearing a space, then with the spring of an animal he closed with his adversary. He'd been seeking a fight. Well, now he'd got one—and a good one.

The beer-drinking he had lately indulged in hadn't softened the sinews and muscles gained by open-air training and seven months roughing it in the trenches. The cockney had the science, but Joe was in better condition and the better fighter. He struck savagely and surely. He took two blows in the face to get one into his opponent's belly or over the heart. Glasses went smashing, tables crashed, chairs slithered across the floor. The room was deserted save for the fighters, the girl, and the cockney's hanger-on. A right under the heart did the trick.

"Get up," snarled Joe, spitting blood.

The cockney—once a third-rate pugilist at the East End clubs—lifted himself up by means of a chair. Joe, his face a smear, ripped over another smashing right to the heart. Grunting, the cockney managed to grip Joe round the middle, and, using his greater weight, lifted him off the floor.

"Go on, Spider," he gasped. "Let 'im 'ave it!"

The Spider, the hanger-on, did as he was bid. He swung a blackjack and Joe Miller, one of the Princess Pats, lost all consciousness.

When he opened his eyes he saw a pale-faced young woman bending over him. Tears were running down her cheeks as she bathed his face with a cold, wet, reddened cloth. Charlie Ming, the Chinaman, knelt beside her, holding in his trembling hands a basin of crimsoned water. Every touch on his face made Joe wince. His head was throbbing. Raising his hand he had no difficulty in locating the trouble. Around a lump the size of an egg his hair was stickily matted.

"They blackjacked me, eh?"

The girl nodded. "And they took your money, too. Everything you had. We—we tried to stop them. But they knocked me down and—"

"Velly bad men. Me no like. Get velly bad kick in stomach. Me sick long time."

All at once Joe Miller fetched an oath. Scrambling to his feet, he upset Charlie Ming and his basin of bloody water. "Where do they hang out?" he bellowed. "Where can I find them?"

An unhandsome sight as he stood there, his face cut and bruised, his eyes revengeful. The cloth in Katie's hand fell to the floor. Uncertainly she watched him, too frightened to move. Joe braced his legs, went through the futile performance of searching his empty pockets.

"Where'd they go?" he demanded. "They've got every dam' cent I own. The crooks! Which way did they go?"

"Me dunno," whined Charlie Ming.

LURCHING round, Joe Miller pointed an arm at the quivering girl. "Well, by God," he swore, "you know where they are! You've seen them before. They were talking to you. Say," he roared, stepping nearer, "what is this? A put-up game? Were you in on it?"

"No, no, no," she cried. "He used to come round to the bakery to try and—and—"

"What bakery?"

"My father's bakery—"

"Well—go on."

"He wanted me to go out walking with him. But I wouldn't. He tried to make love to me. I've been hiding from him. I'm terrified of him."

"Well, what's his name?"

"Bill Hoskins. He's a prize-fighter."

"Yeah? Since when? I'll kill the dirty crook once I get my hands on him. Where's he hang out?"

"I don't know."

"Come on, now," he threatened. "Where can I find him?"

"He goes to the Red Lion a lot—I think."

"Where's that?"

"It's a pub—off the Whitechapel Road."

"All right," said Joe. "Let's go up there."

"No, please—please. He'll only hurt you again."

"Me? One of the Princess Pats?" He laughed, then thundered at the small Chinaman. "Gimme a glass of beer!"

Later, outside in the pitch dark of Merry Lane, Joe considered the matter more sensibly. "No use going after 'em till tomorrow," he decided. Then suddenly aware of the girl beside him, he said: "Gee, I'm kind of sorry about that feed I promised you. But I'm cleaned right out. I'll have to hike all the way back to Canada Hut. How far's the Strand from here?"

"A long, long way," she said. "Several miles."

"How'll I go?"

"I'll—I'll show you the way—if you like."

"What! You'll come all that distance—just to show me how to find my bunk?"

"I've nowhere else to go."

"No home or nothing?"

"No."

"Where'd you sleep last night?"

"Stephney Green Park. On—on a bench."

"And how far's that from here?"

"Not far."

Joe hesitated a moment. "Let's go," he said. "It's better than walking to the Strand. Besides, it won't be the first time I've slept out in the open—and I guess it won't be the last. Lead the way, kid."

HER bench of the night before was not occupied. Completely unsheltered, it stood just inside the entrance to the park, about fifty feet from the road.

"Isn't there a better place than this?" he growled.

She told him she didn't know; she had never tried to find out. She liked this one best. "It's near the policeman," she explained.

"What the hell!" said Joe. "A cop won't help me now. About all I can lose is my boots."

It was cold and slightly damp. At any moment it might rain. But Joe took off his greatcoat, laid it over the bench, then took off his tunic and rolled it up into a pillow.

"All right, kid," he ordered. "You take the bench. I'll flop on the ground, right back of you."

"But—but won't you catch cold?" Her voice was a little shaky. "We could sit side by side perhaps—with your coat over us—"

"Not for this chicken," he said. "I'm crazy about sleeping in mud and water, I am. I'm tough, I am—as Mr. Bill Hoskins will find out when I see him tomorrow. Lie down, kid. I'm going to cover you up with this greatcoat. Here, put your head on this. And don't you worry about me. I'll be O. K."

"Oh, thank you," she breathed. "Thank you—so much—so much."

It was agony to touch his head to the hard ground. But he choked back the volley of oaths bubbling in his throat, bore the pain as best he could. Overhead, the great shafts of London's searchlights were diffused, blurred, as they tried to pierce the lowering clouds. Soundlessly, they played across a leaden firmament. There would be no German raiders tonight. In the distance a weary cab-horse *plop-plopped* his homeward way, the sounds growing louder, then fainter, then finally dying away. All was silence. Joe Miller, private in the Princess Pats, slept.

A thin, drizzling rain that cooled his swollen face awoke him. He was stiff with cold. The throbbing in his head had disappeared, but by reason of a tender feeling around his left eye he knew he possessed a "shiner."

Awkwardly he got to his feet, removed himself some little distance, and went through (*Continued on page 46*)

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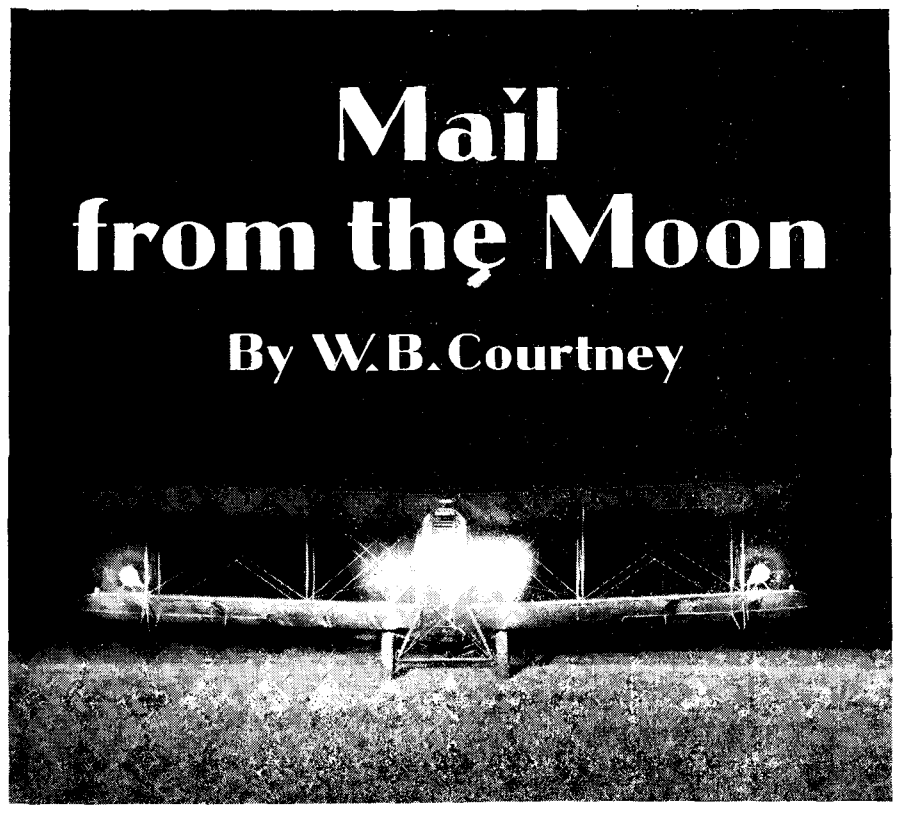
Mail from the Moon

By W. B. Courtney

You put a five-cent stamp on a letter. You drop it in a box. Then you forget it. But through darkness and storm, wind and fog—well, here, follow your letter and see how much romance a five-cent stamp will buy. Step into the cockpit of this United States Air Mail plane and spend a thrilling and informative working night and day with young Mr. Smith. And it might just as well be with any one of the hundreds of other mail flyers. They're all cut from the same wing.



The quarter-million-candle-power headlights on each wing tip of this mail plane are to help in forced night landings. The blur in the center is the propeller reflecting the floodlights

IT IS nine-thirty of a muggy, sultry night in summer at Hadley Airport, New Jersey, Eastern core of the country's air-mail web. The night ground crew of the National Air Transport, air-mail contractors on the Chicago-New York overnight service, and the same division of the transcontinental, is methodically stowing mail sacks and express packages into the forward cockpit of a Douglas biplane. The Liberty motor is warming up on an idle throttle—400 imprisoned horses champing in rhythm on velvet-padded hoofs.

The Weather Bureau observer on duty at the field comes out. He looks worried; he has just finished checking, by radio and telephone, the flying conditions along the airway to Cleveland.

"Whose turn tonight?" he asks the field manager.

"The Dean's."

"That's good." He stares thoughtfully into the murk. "You need one of your best bad-weather pilots tonight."

There is the crescendo of an open cut-out on the night-hidden state highway that borders the field. The ground men smile at each other knowingly. A sport roadster skids around the hangar, comes to a sudden stop. Without bothering to open the door a long, big-boned young man swings out. He is six feet four and strangely gentle in his gait, with strangely grave eyes. His all-weather face seems swarthy under the hangar lights, a suggestion heightened by dark, plentiful hair. He is handsome in a boyish, languid way.

"Made that corner at sixty." Then, innocently, "Am I late?"

Dean C. Smith, star air-mail pilot, has reported for work.

The Dean studies his weather chart while he buttons his helmet. The Weather Bureau man is at his elbow.

"Overcast, sprinkling, light fog growing denser to Northampton—wind west, 6 to 8 miles per hour to 3,000—sudden rise to 30 miles per hour at 3,000; gale aloft—temperature 88°—Park Place, 9 P. M., thunderstorms—light winds to 2,500—high winds aloft—not so good; have to keep down to get through." The Dean continues, alternately reading and commenting: "Tamaqua to Numidia, overcast, high winds aloft—Woodward, heavy fog. I might have known that—Bellefonte, nine o'clock, thunderstorms, just passed over, heavy broken clouds, wind 30 at surface, gale aloft—west; ceiling 800—Snowshoe, ceiling 1,500, that's better, boy; she's taking her elbows off the trees—wind 30 surface, diminishing. Rockton, Dubois, Clarion, broken clouds, diminishing winds, ceiling 2,000—Mercer, clearing—and there we are."

"Got to be careful between here and Bellefonte, Dean—can't get much altitude if you want to make headway—"

"Uh-huh!" The Dean pulls his parachute shoulder straps up. The postal clerk pushes a receipt for the registered mail in front of him, and he pauses to sign it. The chief mechanic has already signed for the registered express. There is no excitement or bustle attending these preparations for the most spectacular of modern professions—flying the night air mail. It's just a business hour.

Dean C. Smith, who turned in this classic flight report: "Dead stick—flying low—only place available, on cow. Killed cow—wrecked plane—scared me. Smith"

The Dean buckles his parachute harness across his chest, around his thighs, as he goes toward his plane. The 20-pound pack, sagging behind his knees like the seat of a Chinese laundryman's trousers, makes him waddle.

Off at Last!

The Dean immediately stoops to make sure that the two magnesium parachute flares are in their slots beneath the fuselage, ready for instant release should he yank the lever beside his seat.

Each flare, with its half-million candle power insures him four minutes to pick a soft spot in a jam. Then he climbs in, sits down, shoves his gas throttle forward until the revolutions per minute reach the top notch. Sweet! He throttles down again. He switches on the running lights, which are under the wings. Just like a ship's—red on the left, green on the right, white on the tail. He switches on his landing lights, quarter-million-candle-power headlamps, one on each wing tip. All set. The Dean does these things as a business executive sees to his blotter and desk clock and pen nibs before plunging into his day's work.

The mechanics catch the wave of the Dean's hand and pull the chocks from under the wheels. And the Dean taxies swiftly away from the deadline, glancing at the illuminated wind "sock" on the hangar roof to get the surface wind direction.

White boundary lights outline the 140-acre field; green lights mark the best ways in and out; red lights twinkle on the radio towers and other obstructions. Atop the NAT hangar are a 5,000,000-candle-power, 24-inch electric beacon which sweeps a huge incandescent finger six times completely around the horizon every minute; and a 2,000,000-candle-power wobbler. On the northwest rim of the field is the half-billion-candle-power BBT landing floodlight, bathing the field in false daylight, through which the drizzling rain quivers like a phosphorescent, wind-blown fish net.

Results Wanted

Ship 31 scuttles across the radiant turf, a surprised bug trying to escape into the friendly darkness; faces around at bay, then charges into the very teeth of its enemies, the fog and the growing storm and the ground and all their hazards, and rises out of their power on the wings of the night wind—free!

A great black flood washes the world away beneath the Dean. He is alone with infinity, and thrilling, as he does after every take-off, with the knowledge that now everything is up to him. To him, alone. That's the proud thing about flying the air mail.

There is no one to see or to know what a pilot does, thinks, feels between fields. He might be yellow in a scare, or brave. Either would be his secret. At Cleveland, 394 miles away by airplane, they aren't interested in secrets; all they want are the mail and express.

Five—seven—eight—eleven hundred feet up. Far behind and away below his right shoulder there is a glowworm enmeshed in a giant cotton boll. That's Hadley. It disappears suddenly, as things do in fog.

The Dean switches off his landing lights and fastens tense interest upon his instrument board. His boyishness has been left behind with his hat in the hangar locker-room. His serene manner indicates efficiency, confidence; not disregard of the plain fact that he is faced by an hour, perhaps hours, of the most hazardous, nerve-curdling job of the air—blind flying. The air is rough tonight. The tossing of the ship causes the compass needle to jiggle crazily, so that it requires intensive concentration and unflagging will power to stick to a course. A surgeon feeling his way round a human brain or heart needs no more steadiness of nerve, no more delicacy of perception and touch, no more self-control, than a pilot feeling his way through unseen space at a hundred miles per hour with a ship worth upwards of twelve thousand dollars, mail and express worth perhaps more—and his own neck to boot.

On nights that give halfway decent visibility no such concentration is necessary. The Dean can steer by beacons—the midnight suns of the airways, spattered zigzag over plains and moun-

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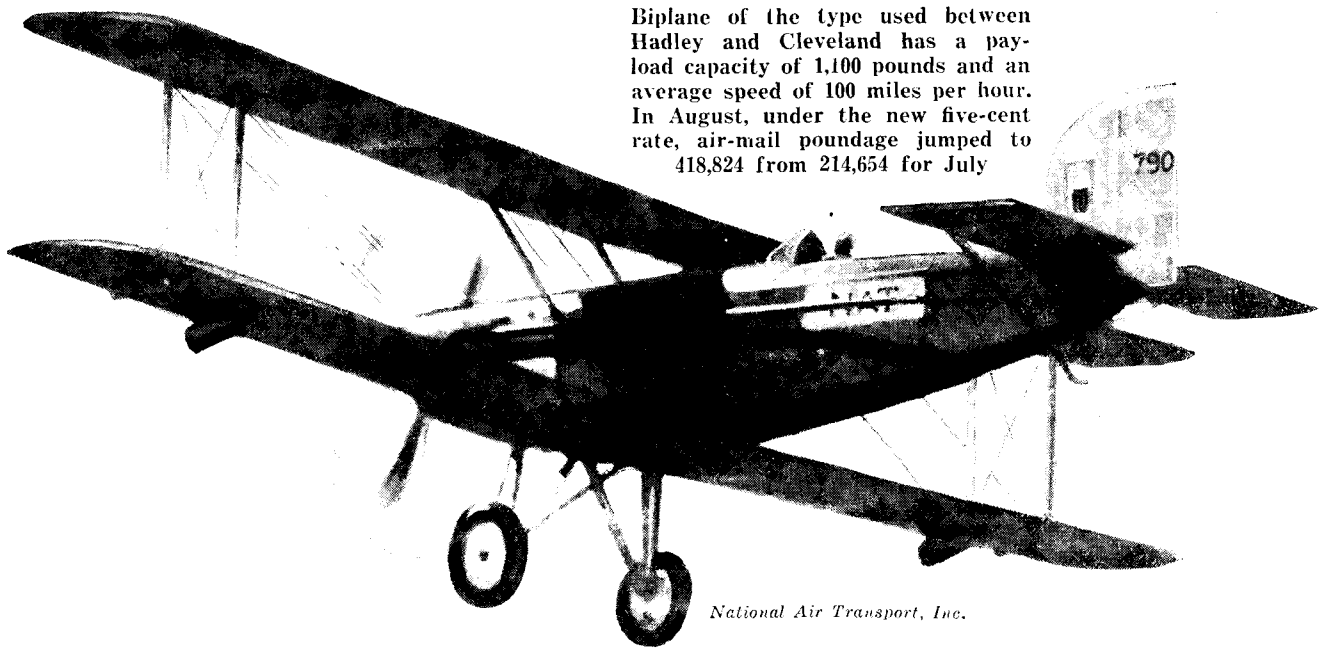

Biplane of the type used between Hadley and Cleveland has a pay-load capacity of 1,100 pounds and an average speed of 100 miles per hour. In August, under the new five-cent rate, air-mail poundage jumped to 418,824 from 214,654 for July

National Air Transport, Inc.

tains, farm and forest; revolving ones, candle-power brothers of the giant on the hangar he had left behind, every ten miles or so; fixed ones generously scattered in between.

Occasionally the Dean rests his chin on the cowling and stares down, trying to pierce the murk. In vain. And not for long does he let his eyes stray from the instrument board—that bewildering array of dials and gadgets and technical whatnots that are as familiar to the Dean as the dashboard of the family bus is to a Sunday motorist.

What a Mail Pilot Thinks About

Within the misty aura of his lighted cockpit the Dean has his laboratory, his chart-room, his study, his observatory. Every air-mail flyer must be a good deal of a scientist, meteorologist, navigator—and student. And something of a philosopher, provided he doesn't become absent-minded.

The Dean, consequently, likes to think of the men and women who wrote the letters stowed forward there, behind the motor. What manner of people; what did they write about? How many dramas, comedies, tragedies, go to make up the 1,000 pounds he is carrying tonight. 1,000 pounds! Quite a gain over the meager 100 to 200 pounds he often carried in his first years on this same run. It pleases the Dean to bear such visible proof that people are coming more and more to trust and to use this swift modern service. It amuses him to know that the folks who posted those letters are by now settled down in their favorite reading chairs at home, or in their favorite movie houses, with never a thought for the courier whose highly skilled services, whose years of hazardous and exacting experiences, they command for five cents!

The Dean looks at his clock. Well, the Kittatiny Mountains are just ahead, if his calculations are not amiss; and it will be just as well for his skin if they are not! It's time to put more saving air between his floorboard and the tree-tops. These mountains average 1,500. The Dean pulls his stick back gently, and runs up a ramp of air to 3,000.

He has glimpsed no ground clue as to how accurately he is holding his compass course; or what his ground speed is. His airspeed indicator shows 100 miles an hour. But this merely means that the instrument registers his engine is pulling him along at an efficiency that would give him 100 miles an hour in perfectly dead air. Tail winds or head winds alter the actual speed. The airspeed indicator might show 100 miles an hour, yet if he were bucking a 105-mile headwind, he would be going backward five miles per hour with relation to the ground!

Ordinarily the Dean can tell his ground speed, or actual rate of progress between points, by timing himself from beacon to beacon. In fog he has absolutely no way of telling it. His weather chart pre-information as to wind rates enables him to make rough calculations. This is his only guide—except for a certain intangible seventh sense, for the Dean is blessed with that quality rare even in expert pilots—a "wind sense." He can almost guess his ground speed by *feel*.

He *feels* now that his headway has been greatly reduced. He remembers that his chart told him to expect a 30-mile headwind at 3,000; so he drops to 2,800, where he has a slight headwind and a ground speed of more than 90. He aims to hold this altitude grimly, though. In a few minutes he will be over one of the most dangerous blotches of flying country in the world, from Tamaqua across ridge after ridge to Numidia.

The cat at a busy mousehole is a lax and unobservant creature compared to the Dean watching his turn and bank indicator, and his inclinometer, now—the one to detect lateral deviations from the level, the other fore or aft. Before these simple yet priceless instruments were thought of, pilots, depending on human senses which the science of aviation has proved untrustworthy, often turned upside down in clouds or fog, or headed straight into the ground, and did not know it—in time.

The Dean is taking no chances. He knows the aspect of the hostile summits below. Many a mail plane has been washed out, many a pilot made his last landing, on them.

The motor continues to flow out the sweetest story ever told to night flyers' ears. That's something — even though the plane is being severely bumped. Oh, well, the Dean remembers winter nights when this crossing was so rough that his thighs were black and blue from the pounding of the stick, his shoulders bruised from banging against the cowling.

The clock shows 10:20. Forty-five minutes since he left Hadley. The Dean switches the gas flow from the left wing tank to the right wing tank. He will run on that for the next 45 minutes. That's to keep the ship's balance trimmed.

Presently the Dean figures he is in the vicinity of Ringtown. One more hurdle and he will be beyond Catawissa Mountain and over the lower country of the Susquehanna Valley, comparatively clear of mountains until he reaches the vicinity of Woodward Pass, the Hell Gate of the airways.

It's a Constant Fight

Yet the Dean is worried. For the headwinds are coming lower. He would like to make sure his altimeter is recording accurately. If he were riding high he wouldn't be concerned. But necessity holds him down, if he is to get beyond the mountains with any gas left in his tank. It's a constant fight now. Every twist and lurch and drop must be compensated for instantly by a movement of the stick or rudder. Left wing falls away. The Dean leans the stick to the right. This depresses the left ailerons, or movable portions of the wing tips, putting more wind pressure on the low wing and forcing it back to level with the right wing. Thus through the night.

The Weather Bureau men, in laying out the airway beacons, discovered that the phenomenon of fog, so prevalent in the Alleghenies, did not occur simultaneously on the mountain tops and in the valleys. So they alternated the beacons, between bottoms and summits, with the idea that one or the other would always be visible. Very good, normally. But a night (*Continued on page 33*)

There's the white landing circle on the field at Bellefonte just ahead—a haven in the hostile Alleghenies

Close-up of the one landing floodlight you see in foreground on bottom of opposite page illuminating Hadley Field close to the ground for half a mile over a 180° arc and enabling flyers to see obstacles within two miles of field

B. B. T. Corp. of Am.

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"Hello!" he said, seemingly relieved. "Look here, tell me who's giving this party, and why?" He looked worried but very nice

Keep Your

It's a wise father who knows his son. And Mr. Armstrong didn't know Peter—until Sally took a hand

SALLY HUSTON wanted to go home, but she couldn't. Not possibly. Not for hours yet. Not unless she walked to the station, five miles away. And even if she grew desperate enough to do that, it would mean a row later, and she wasn't, she thought, up to facing even the prospect of a row.

She was licked. This party, somehow, had beaten her. She loathed it, but its ironic contrast to the way she'd been living for the last year and seemed likely to have to keep on living had been too much for her. She'd managed to get away for a few minutes, and she sat and smoked a cigarette on a bench hidden away in a clump of white birches from which she could keep an eye on things with a fair chance of not being seen herself until she was rested. Sally didn't like her aunt, but she had to admit that this was a good show. There'd been a perfectly marvelous lunch, out of doors, and people were wandering around, now, waiting for the golf to begin, looking the place over.

Hordes of nice people, beautifully dressed, gay and cheerful, vivid, colorful. Half a mile of Westchester real estate with a stone wall around it, worth incalculable sums in terms of building lots. Eighteen of Mr. Devereux Emmett's very choicest holes for a private golf course, with greens gleaming like emeralds and traps full of sea sand, as white as snow, brought in lighters and trucks from Long Island, and damn the expense. And the house, rising above the trees, gray stone, looking, really, Sally was obliged to confess, like the French château its architect had copied.

"Listen—"

SALLY turned, with a start. There was a young man. She hadn't heard him come up. He looked worried. But very nice, Sally thought. She didn't know him, which was, that day, a point very much in his favor. She smiled at him before she quite knew she was doing it.

"Hello!" said Sally.

"Hello!" he said seemingly relieved. "Look here, tell me—who's giving this party, and why?"

"But, good grief, don't you know?" she said.

"Would I be asking you if I did? Be yourself, lady. There's no time to be lost. Tell me."

"Oh!" said Sally. "It's my aunt. At least, she's not really my aunt. She's my real aunt's husband's second wife."

"I see," he said. "Quite—but do you mind if we go into that some other time? About how many wives your uncle had, I mean? What's the woman's name, and why is she giving this show?"

"Because she wanted to, I suppose," said Sally. "Heaven knows there's no other reason that I can see!"

"I wish you'd stop trying to be funny," the young man said crossly. "Haven't you any concentration at all? Keep your eye on the ball! What's her name, and is this a garden party, or is Lindbergh going to fly over, or what?"

"Oh, now I see what you mean," said Sally. "My aunt's name is Mrs. Madden, and it's just a party to celebrate this new golf course. They're going to have mixed foursomes—"

"My God!" said the young man. Sally thought he'd have turned pale if he hadn't been too sunburned to make that practicable.

"And, you see, her daughter—her stepdaughter, I mean, my cousin—"

"YOU know," he said, "I think your family tree's extraordinarily interesting and all that, but that's not the point just now, is it? Madden, eh? Mrs. Madden. What's she wearing? How do I know her when I see her?"

"Bl-black and—white—voile," Sally gasped. "A large white hat."

"Good! Tall—short—thin—fat?"

"In between—" said Sally. "Quite—quite nice looking—her hair's white—"

"Good!" said the young man. "You see—if you just concentrate you're all right—" and off he rushed. Sally arose and followed him. She didn't want to go home, any more. Not until she found out what this young man wanted.

In a minute she found out. Her aunt was introducing him to Marjorie Romer, and the young man who'd been with Marjorie, looking incredulous but happy, was fading away, swiftly, in the direction of a débutante who had five men already but was perfectly capable of handling another.

"Well—!" said Sally to herself. Then she smiled wickedly. All that simply because he had wanted to meet Marjorie!

Wild horses couldn't have dragged Sally away now. Her behavior was entirely shameless. Deliberately she watched the two of them. The young man started in to talk to Marjorie, breathlessly. But he didn't get very far. Before long it was Marjorie who talked. Sally saw varying expressions come and go in the young man's eyes. Doubt, curiosity, suspicion, desperation. Sally bided her time. At what seemed to her the right moment she struck. All she did was wander into the line of the young man's vision. She wanted to see what would happen.

She did. He saw her; looked at her; looked at her again to make sure. Then he turned and paid concentrated attention to Marjorie. Ruthlessly, at what, Sally was sure, was his first chance, he broke in, accompanying his words with a wide, free gesture. Then he bowed, and turned away, and came straight to Sally.

"Hello!" he said. "Wondering where you were, I was." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "My good gosh! I ought to have known there'd be a catch—but how can you tell that a girl who looks like that's

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Eye on the Ball

By William Almon Wolff

going to talk like someone reading a guide book out loud? Anything you'd like to know about the English lakes or the château country in France?"

"No, thanks," said Sally, "but, please, I'd love to know the plot."

"Plot?" he said. "Plot?" Then he smiled a slow smile that grew into a grin. "Oh, well! Driving along, just so-so. Got held up somewhere. That girl in the next car—with a man. Fell for her. Fell hard. Turned in here, after them—saw it was a party, you see. Crashed it. Thought there'd be someone I knew. Never saw so many people I didn't know all at one time."

Sally just listened.

"Barged around. Beginning to feel nervous. Tried to make this girl. Thought she gave me a glass eye. Tried to spot hostess. No go. Lots of old girls looked as if they might be hostess. You know."

Sally did.

"It's not funny," he complained. "That's your trouble, though. No seriousness of purpose. Chap can't count on you. Got to know hostess' name if you're crashing a party, haven't you?"

"I—I suppose it is a help!" said Sally.

"Of course. Elementary, that is. Come on. Let's go."

"Go?" said Sally, startled. "Go where?"

"I don't care!" he said. "Away. That's all. You—" He looked alarmed. "You don't live here, do you?"

"No," she said. "I live in New York."

"Good," he said. "So do I. Drive you down. Have dinner somewhere."

"Oh—I oughtn't—all right—let's!" said Sally. Why not? If she didn't go now she'd have to wait around for hours before they sent her to the station, and the train would be crowded, and what good did it do her, anyway, to keep in the good graces of an aunt who wasn't really an aunt at all?

Driving down with Peter—she found out, quite soon, that his name was Peter Armstrong—was fun.

"Where were you going, originally?" she asked him.

"Oh, just to play golf—it didn't matter," he said. "You wouldn't have been there anyway."

Everything was all right until late, when he began talking about the future.

"Tomorrow's out," he said gloomily. "Date I can't break. Silly, but there it is. Monday, though. That's another day. Lunch—d'you mind having it early, about one? And dinner rather late, and we'll do a musical show, so we can miss all we like of the first act. And then we can start seeing if any of the night clubs are any good this summer—you know, find out where they have music we both like—darned important, that is—"

"STOP!" she said, "I can't have lunch at all on Monday, and I oughtn't to go out that night—except—well—dinner, perhaps, if I go home right away afterward. I have to get some sleep week nights. I work."

"Work?" he said, shocked and annoyed. "Why bring that up? So do I work. That's why I said an early lunch—I have to beat the old man back to the office."

"You don't have to work the way I do," she said viciously. "You don't have to take dictation all morning and type letters all afternoon and then stay around for hours typing half of them over again because you've made so many mistakes."

"Maybe," he said. "But the worst they can do to you is fire you."

"Well, you can't even be fired!"

"You'd be surprised. You don't know the male parent. A hard-boiled egg if the cook ever forgot to turn the gas off under one! Fired! I'll say I can be fired. And if I am I get cut off with a dollar, too! Laugh that off." His voice was increasingly bitter. "Know the fast one he pulled on me this morning? No more golf!"

"But you were going to play today—"

"Oh, I mean real golf. Tournament stuff. Saturday afternoons and Sundays—yes. Says I can't concentrate on business and tournament golf, too!"

SALLY laughed, to his annoyance. She wasn't appalled, as he'd expected her to be.

"I don't see why you had to start talking about work," he said. And, quite soon, he took her home, to the dull, respectable upper West Side block where she shared an apartment with a couple of other girls from the office—which wasn't where she'd been brought up, by any means, in the days before her father had died suddenly, without leaving any money, and her aunt had made her uncle do the right thing by her in the way of a secretarial course. He got out with her and they stood and looked at one another.

"Well," said Sally. "Good night, Mr. Armstrong."

"Peter," he said, absently. "Oh, damn—"

"What's the matter with you, I'd like to know?" she said crossly.

"I'm just trying to think," he said. "It's so mixed up—"

"I don't see—"

"Oh, hush, of course you don't!" said Peter. "Can't you take my word for it? If I tried to explain—" He shook his head. "No use. Have to wait."

She stared at him, mystified. And then he did what absolutely nothing he'd said or done all day had warned her to expect. He grabbed her, suddenly, and kissed her, most unskillfully, somewhere under her left eye, and then let her go.

"You just leave it to me," he said. "It'll come out all right. Good night."

And before she could catch her breath, much less say anything, he was in the car and going off.

"Well!" said Sally, as she let herself in. What a day! Sally, considering the times she lived in, hadn't been kissed much. And now she'd been kissed twice in one day.

Twice—yes. The first kiss hasn't come up before, but it had happened, even though subsequent events had rather banished the memory of it from Sally's mind, until the last event of all recalled it sharply.

Peter's kiss meant nothing; Sally knew that. Arthur Butler's kiss, though, which had occurred much earlier in the day, in the taxi in which he'd taken her to the station, had been different. It had meant nothing to Sally but a lot to Arthur. Arthur was not one of your light and casual kissers, as Peter probably was. But what was she to do?

Sunday was a blank, mercifully. But Monday, at the office, was terrible. Sally's head ached, and she'd forgotten what little she had ever known about a typewriter, and her spelling, always original, became grotesque. Arthur wanted her to have lunch, and she wouldn't, and then he called up again. Not to ask her to dinner, but just to say he'd broken an engagement so that they could dine together; a command, not an invitation. She said she couldn't, and he hung up, ominously, and when she started home, well after six, he was waiting for her downstairs.

"You're late," he said.

"Do you suppose I don't know it?" Was Peter coming to take her to dinner or wasn't he? She hadn't heard a word from him. "Arthur—"

"Yes?"

"You know everything. Is there a golf player called Armstrong? A—a well-known one, I mean?"

"Peter Armstrong? Of course. Plays from Baltamis. Be pretty good if he'd take the game seriously. Doesn't concentrate. Lasted to the semi-final in the amateur last year, though, at that."

"Oh!" said Sally.

"Why can't you have dinner with me?"

"I'm going out."

"With a man?"

"I don't know."

"Sally, don't equivocate! Of course you know!"

Then she got a respite while he selected a taxi, something he always did with care, ending with a comparison of the driver and his photograph on the card inside. There was this about Arthur, though; he could afford to take a girl home to South Brooklyn, even in a taxi, to say nothing of the upper West Side.

"Sally," he said, gravely, when they were in the cab. "I don't want to press you, but, after all, now that we're engaged—"

"Engaged!" she said, with a start.

"Of course!" he said. "After what happened Saturday—"

She racked her aching head. Yes. He'd kissed her, just as they reached the station, and she'd run for her train, then, while he paid off the cab.

"But—" she (*Continued on page 52*)

Illustrated by James Trembath

Wild horses couldn't have dragged Sally away. Her behavior was shameless. Deliberately she watched the two of them

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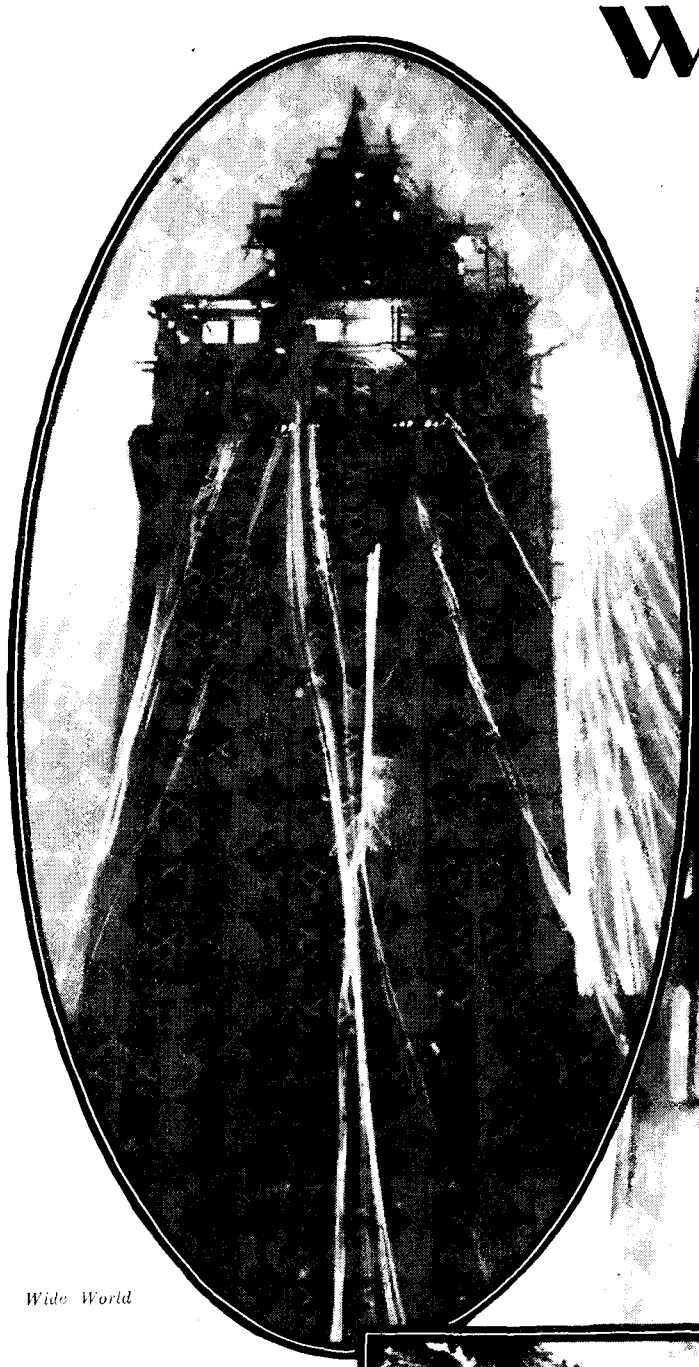
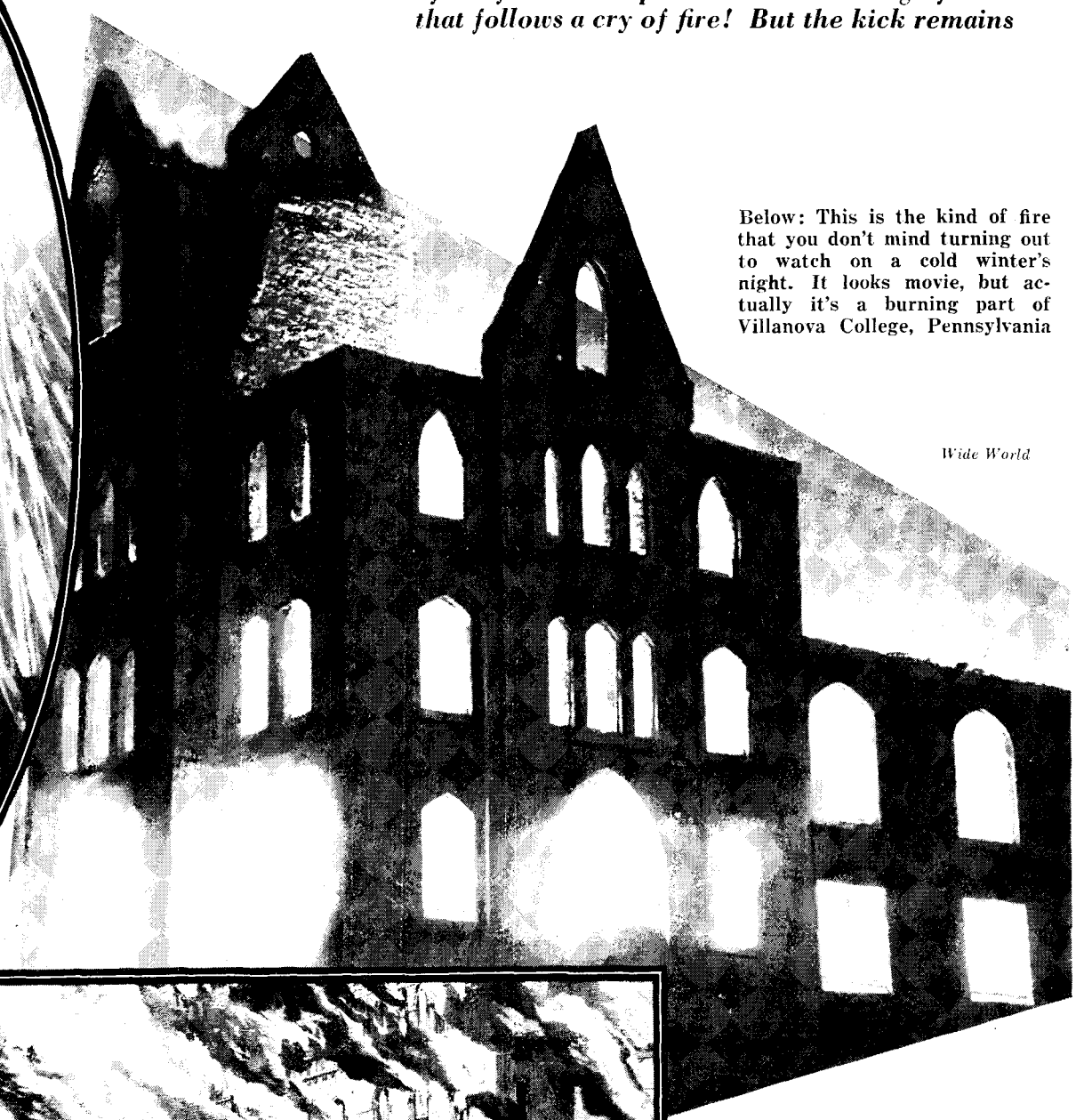
Where there's Smoke -

The snorting of motors has replaced the clatter of hoofs as accompaniment to the clang of bells that follows a cry of fire! But the kick remains



Wide World

When the scaffolding on this unfinished tower took fire it made a great sight against the skyline. The long, light lines are falling embers. The time exposure makes 'em look like that

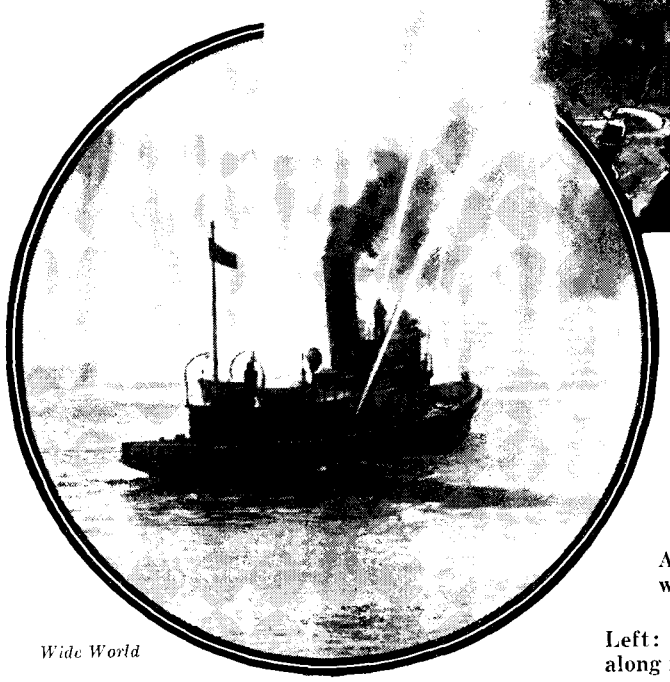


Below: This is the kind of fire that you don't mind turning out to watch on a cold winter's night. It looks movie, but actually it's a burning part of Villanova College, Pennsylvania

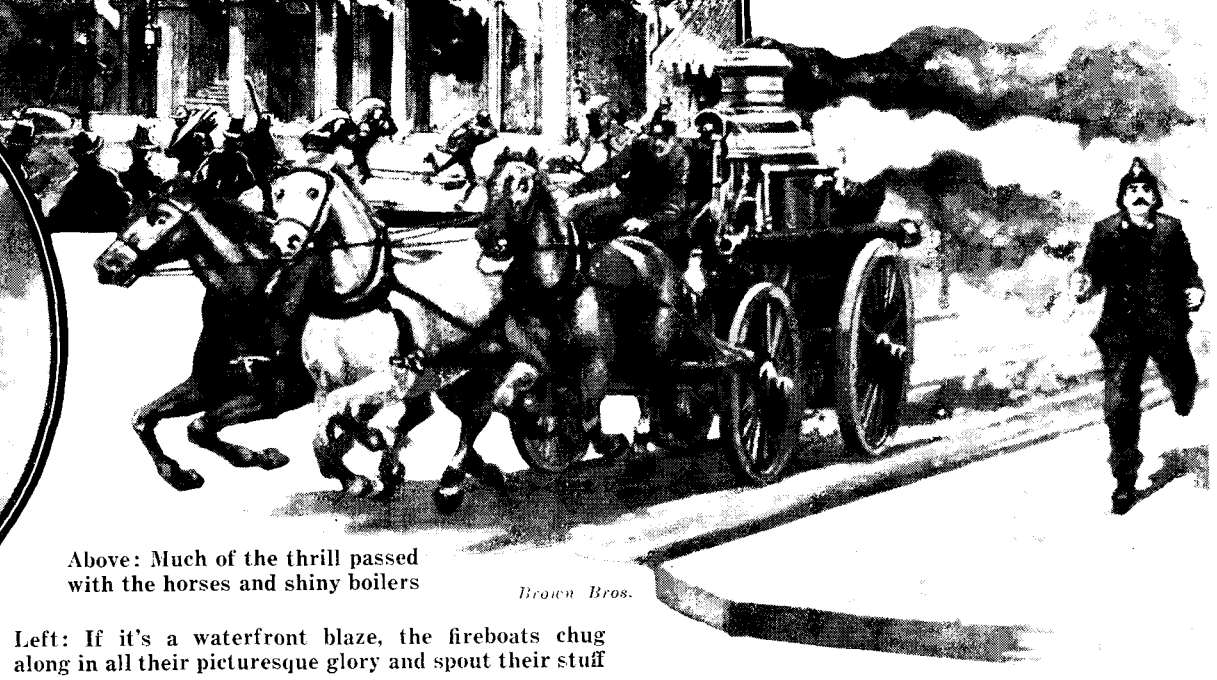
Wide World

Left: Fire engines, old or new, could count for little in such a blaze as the famous Chicago fire

From an old print



Wide World



Above: Much of the thrill passed with the horses and shiny boilers

Brown Bros.

Left: If it's a waterfront blaze, the fireboats chug along in all their picturesque glory and spout their stuff

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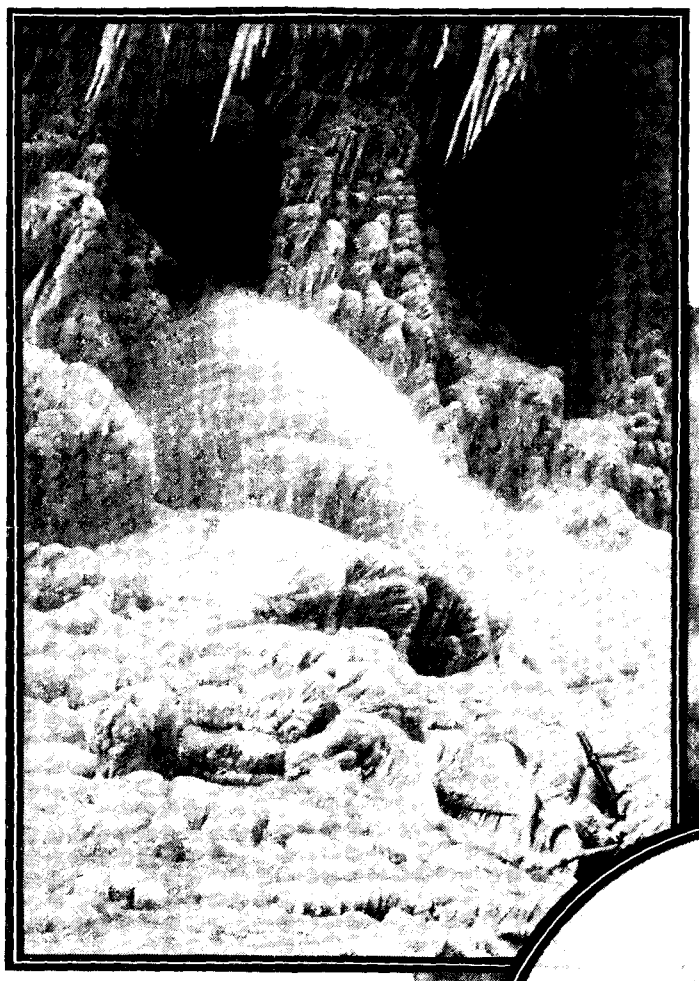
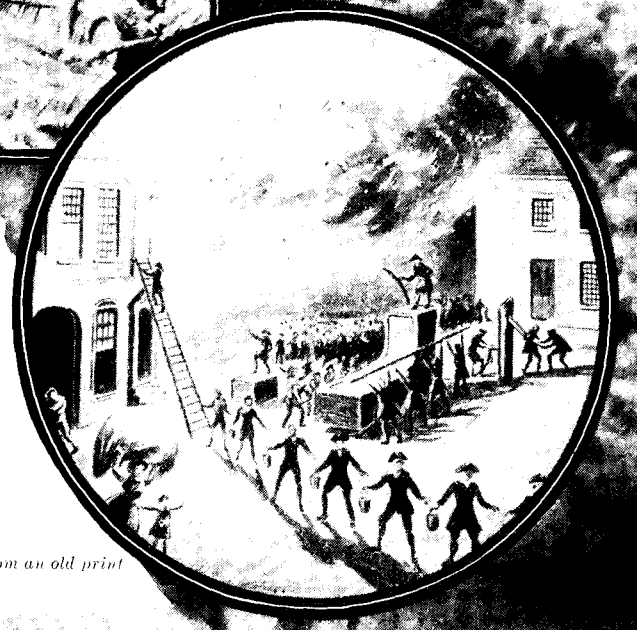


Left: Pity the poor firemen on a day like this, indeed, when the water from their hose freezes and piles up at the base of the blaze



Right: A brisk evening with the bucket brigade and the other volunteers. Courageous and industrious though the fire laddies were in 1830, they didn't stand much chance against such a conflagration

From an old print

Below: And ten minutes later they blew the "fire out" whistle. This oil tank was set ablaze deliberately to test the efficacy of a new chemical extinguishing system. It worked

Wide World

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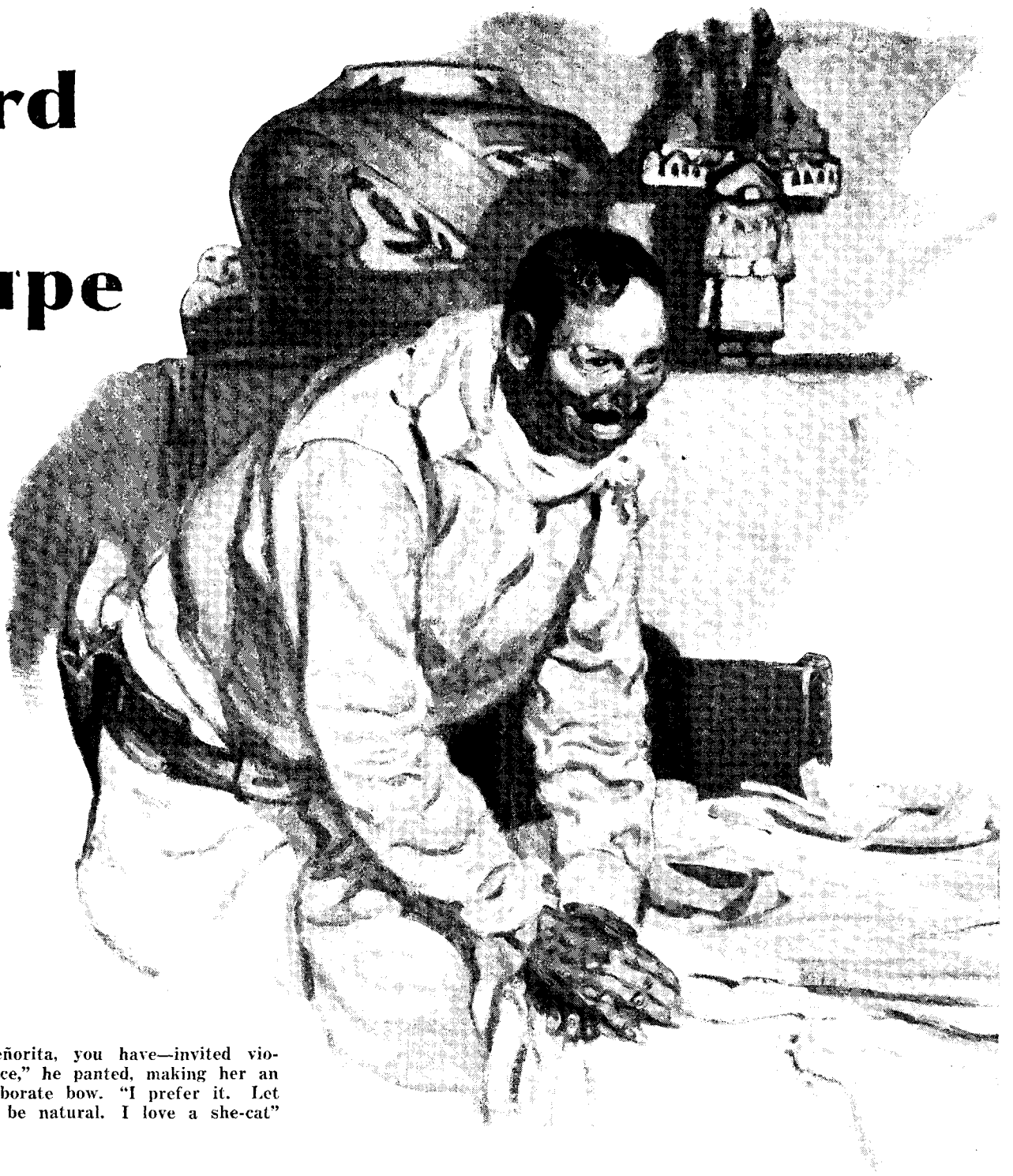
The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey



"Señorita, you have—invited violence," he panted, making her an elaborate bow. "I prefer it. Let us be natural. I love a she-cat"

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having, by various crooked methods, succeeded in acquiring Mr. Forrest's wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love with each other though Cliff will not admit it.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who seems to have control over Mr. Lundeen's property.

Virginia tells Cliff of her father's plans and he suggests that marrying someone else immediately would be a way out. She then tells him that he is the only man she would be willing to marry. He is horrified at the idea of her throwing herself away on a shell of a man like him, though he is slowly recovering.

One day Virginia, Ethel Wayne and Helen Andrews and a party of Virginia's guests visit Cliff's store and Virginia provokes Malpass into buying the entire stock for $1,000. Then, because Malpass is annoyed at Virginia's friendliness with Cliff, he knocks Cliff down. Virginia is enraged.

By this time Virginia is madly in love with Cliff. Ethel and Helen both realize it but Cliff has no idea. The day of the general departure of the guests it is discovered that Cliff's store, containing a new stock worth about $2,000, has been burned to the ground.

V

VIRGINIA'S father came home drunk the day after the departure of her guests, and Malpass showed a dark sullenness that boded no good.

She felt like an animal at bay, and she paced her room waiting for the approach that she sensed. Nevertheless it did not come, and she ate her dinner as silent as her mother, a prey to growing apprehension. She regretted that Ethel had been called back home to Denver. A fugitive desire to see Clifton became a real and persistent one.

The night seemed far removed from the peaceful and restful ones she had enjoyed up in the mountains. Morning, however, brought defiance if not courage.

Malpass presented himself at the breakfast table more than usually self-contained. He inquired about the camping trip, the departure of her guests, and even expressed regret not to have seen the beautiful Miss Andrews again. The Mexican servant informed her that her father was having breakfast in his room, where he awaited her convenience.

"Before you see him you may as well listen to me," said Malpass.

"Very well, the sooner the better."

"Have you reconsidered my proposal?"

"No. I gave it no further thought."

"Then I regret to say I must split with your father."

"That will be most acceptable to me."

"It may not be so when you hear the conditions."

"Mr. Malpass, pray save yourself the trouble of more talk," replied Virginia. "I am weary of the whole business. I don't care anything about conditions."

"But I can take this property away from him as he took it from Forrest!"

"Do it and welcome," retorted Virginia. "Ill-gotten wealth never made any man happy. My father was wicked, but I consider you mostly to blame. I will be glad when he is free of you."

"He's not going to be free of me unless—"

"Unless I become your wife?" put in Virginia, as he hesitated, and her derision broke his studied calm.

"Unless you do, he will go to jail."

"I think you are a liar and a bluffer."

"MY DEALINGS with Lundeen do not and never did include this Forrest property," went on Malpass, ignoring her words. "Nor did I have any share in the silver mine he stole. We used money from that to gain possession of extensive phosphate mines in the South. The controlling interest was mine. I increased my holdings, raising equal capital for him to do the same. We are now deeply involved, and he owes me a sum greater than this ranch could bring. If we settle it out of court, well and good, for all of you. But if I take it to court, I will prove he deliberately stole Forrest's land, fully cognizant of the value of the silver mine. I can prove it because *I* discovered the mineral."

"Yes, and you were the brains of the dishonest deal," rejoined Virginia hotly.

"To be sure. But at Lundeen's instigation. Never on paper. There's not a word to that effect. If you will pardon my saying it, your father is a sap-headed, greedy old cattleman with a tremendous weakness—his hatred of Clay Forrest. Now, if you know your West, you will certainly realize what would happen to your father if I betrayed him in court—which would mean betraying him to Clay Forrest."

"What would happen?" queried Virginia, unable to repress alarm.

"Forrest would kill him!"

"Oh, you are trying to work on my feelings," cried Virginia. "I don't believe it. You've made this all up to frighten me. . . . Even if it *were* true, Forrest would kill you too."

"That would not be so easy. And the motive would not be so great."

Virginia veiled her eyes and her own barbed shaft: "Suppose I told Clifton Forrest you burned down his store?"

No guilty man's effrontery and flinty nerve could mask the truth from a woman's love and intuition. The instant Virginia's swift query had passed her lips she divined Malpass had been responsible for the latest misfortune to the Forrests.

"Burned down! I have been away, you know, and had not heard. . . . Your ridiculous accusation requires no answer."

Virginia laughed in his face.

"If Clifton Forrest found out what I know, he would kill you."

Malpass arose to push back his chair. "You drift away from the main issue. I warn you to leave young Forrest out of this. I am aware of your interest in him. It has not enhanced his fortunes."

Virginia sprang up so passionately that her chair fell backward.

"August Malpass, those words betray you, though I never needed words to find out what you are. Do your evilest, señor! This is not old Mexico."

THE hard immobility of Malpass' olive face changed swiftly to passion. His eyes became flames. With the spring of a panther he was on her, clasping her in his arms. Crushing her to him, he kissed her naked throat, then her face, failing of her lips only when Virginia, overcoming the paralysis of horror, tore clear of him with a strength born of fury.

"Señorita, you have—invited violence," he panted, making her an elaborate bow which he had not learned on that range. "I prefer it. Let us be natural. I love a she-cat from hell. . . . Spit! Scratch! Bite! You will be all the sweeter!"

"If you ever touch me again, I'll kill you."

Virginia ran to her room and, locking the door, fell on her bed in an excess of rage and hate—and fear. When

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these had at last passed away she rose with a stupendous surprise and shame the like of which she had never known. Her limbs tottered under her, and the window seat appeared none too close. Could she ever erase the burn and blot of this half-breed's kisses? That she had kept her lips inviolate helped her but little.

In the ensuing hour she learned the appalling gravity of her predicament.

Her father came to her, a changed and broken man, at first neither commanding nor supplicating. He had always been in Malpass' power, though ignorant of it till now. With what fiendish dexterity the weaver had enmeshed him!

Malpass had the proofs to convict, the money to ease his own irregularities, the baseness to betray unless he gained the object so passionately sought.

"Father, I can't—I can't," sobbed Virginia. "How can you ask? . . . I'd sooner kill myself."

"It means prison for me—disgrace for you an' Mother—poverty. . . . Virginia, marry him to save us. You can divorce him later. Give me time to retrieve. Then with money I can fight. Find some way to beat him."

"Not to save even our lives!" flamed Virginia.

"But wait, Daughter. You're riled now. Take time. Think. You're not in love with any man. It'd not be so hard. You can leave him—an' soon. You can be free."

"What of my soul? . . . I'd feel myself debauched. No! No!"

"Virginia, he'll *make* you give in sooner or later. He has the very devil's power. It'll be better to have it over. Then we can plan. I swear to God I've realized my crime an' seek now only to save you an' Mother. Daughter, we've gained standin' as a family these last years. We are somebody. If this comes out, I'm done—an' you an' Mother will hang your heads in shame."

"YOU beg what is worse than shame," retorted Virginia. "My blood boils and revolts. Not an hour ago Malpass insulted me vilely—beyond forgiveness. He taunted me with the power you think he has."

"I know he has it. You resisted him. Like as not you scorned him. He'll make you suffer more. Daughter, shore the best way—the only way—is to give in—fool him. Fool him! If he has to make you marry him, God help you! For he's vain, an' I tell you a half-breed—"

"He can't force me. This is not old Mexico. I'll find a way—not only to escape him, but to—"

"Drive him to ruin me or stain my hands with blood," harshly interrupted her father. "Daughter, you've a duty to me an' your mother. An' I've signed to give you comforts, luxuries. Horses! I've spent thousands on your horses. . . . Think before it's too late. I can hold Malpass off. Once he thinks there's a hope of your love he'll melt. Cheat him! Cheat him! Make him the poor weak fool he's made me!"

After her father had tottered out, spent with passion, Virginia saw the abyss that yawned at her feet. For had she not listened to him? Poor man, he was lost indeed! Yet she too was weak, uncertain, torn by love one way, and by self-preservation in another.

At length, out of the chaos of her mind, lumbered the realization of a first and imperative necessity—to insure at least her legal freedom from Malpass. So far as physical freedom was concerned, was she not in peril every hour she lived in that house? In her present state of mind she feared it.

If she married some other man, it would not be possible for her father and Malpass to persuade or drive or hypnotize her into a marriage that would mean moral and spiritual death. And the world might as well have contained only one man—Clifton Forrest.

She might—she must induce him to marry her. But how? Once before she had broached the subject, only to be repulsed. Still, his reason had been sound, generous, plausible. She could only respect him for it. Why not formulate a plan on the strength of the very reason he gave—that he was a mere shell of a man, probably doomed to a brief and inactive life? Virginia scouted that idea, though it made her shudder inwardly. Clifton would get well and strong again. She was sure of it. But she must pretend she believed him, and that under such circumstances he would be rendering her the great service of giving her his name secretly, so she would have that moral anchor when the storm broke.

At her desk, then, she wrote a note urgently requesting Clifton to meet her that evening by the broken corner of the wall in his garden. She did not ask for an answer. Sallying forth singularly strengthened, she strolled down to the barns to get someone to deliver the note.

It would not do to trust one of the Mexicans. Con, the Irish cowboy, would be absolutely reliable.

She found Con and Jake together. In fact, they were always together—a sort of union to combat the hordes of Mexicans on the ranch. Jake was a lean, dark, bow-legged cowboy who had been born on the range. Con had been only several years in the West. He was a strong fellow, sandy-haired and freckled. He had big, wide-open astonished eyes, a light gray in color.

"Mawnin', boys," she drawled. "How are you-all?"

"Tolerable, Miss Lundeen," replied Jake, doffing his sombrero.

"I'm foine, miss, but when I'm out of worrk, I'm out of sorts," said Con, standing bare-headed and respectful.

"There ought to be loads of work," returned Virginia in surprise.

"Shure was, but the horses are gone."

"Gone! Where?" ejaculated Virginia, with a pang of dismay.

"Back to Watrous."

"Who ordered my horses there?"

"Malpass," replied Jake shortly. "An' he said we'd not be wanted."

"Well! Are all my horses gone?"

"Every last hoof, Miss Virginia."

"I was not consulted. Wait till I speak to my father. Meanwhile remember that I hire you and I pay you."

"Shore, we know that. But we're afeared Malpass is gettin' high-handed round here," returned Jake in worried tones.

"I quite agree with you," laughed Virginia without mirth. "Jake, if my car is still here, see that it's all right for me to run into town this afternoon. And, Con, I've an errand for you."

WHEN Jake slouched away with jingling spurs Virginia asked Con if he had heard about the fire at San Luis which had burned the Forrest store during their trip up in the mountains.

"Yes, miss, I've been down an' seen it. Shure tough on young Forrest. He had his all in that store."

"It was too bad. Did you hear any gossip about it?"

"Nuthin'. Mexicans shure ain't sayin' a word. Looks funny to me."

"Well, you take this note down to Mr. Clifton Forrest. Be sure you deliver it today. . . . I'll see you boys tomorrow, and we'll talk things over—after I see Father."

Upon Virginia's return to the house she encountered her father moodily pacing the porch. After greeting him she asked him why her horses had been ordered away.

"Daughter, it's news to me," he replied, spreading his palms.

"What I'd like to know is this: Are those horses my property?"

"Reckon they are. You're of age. I gave them to you."

"I shall go to Watrous and fetch them back."

"Waal, no one could prevent you. But it'll only make Malpass sorer. An' it's a fact the horses are better off over there. More feed. It costs like sixty heah. An', Daughter, money is scarce."

"But my allowance, Father?"

"I'll have to cut that off, for the present."

"Oh! Well, I can go to work at something."

"Nonsense. . . . Reckon you ought to have some money in the bank. Hope you haven't overdrawn your account?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, and don't care in the (*Continued on page 48*)

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"I had to take the table next to the bass drum and like it"

In One Ear

"I HAVE a very influential friend. He can pass you through the customs," remarked Rube Goldberg, the comic-strip artist, "get you an elephant saddle wholesale, or have any charge against you, from speeding to murder, promptly dismissed. For a long time his mysterious power baffled me. My standing was as high as his and still, when I went into a night club, I had to take the table next to the bass drum and like it.

"Finally I discovered the secret of his commanding prestige. It was entirely nerve. His onslaught of familiarity was so violent that strangers were literally hypnotized into bestowing upon him all the benefits of a long-standing friendship.

"He introduced me to a powerful Englishman over in London. 'Basil,' he said, 'I want you to meet Rube. Anything you can do for Rube will be a great personal favor to me. Take good care of Rube for my sake, Basil, old pal.' And Basil spryly and sincerely answered, 'Certainly, certainly. I'll be glad to do anything I can.'

"My friend left with the casual remark that he had to meet the Prince of Wales.

"When he was out of hearing, Basil turned to me and said, 'Who the hell is that chap, anyway!'"

Home, Sweet Hall

John J. Raskob's country home on the eastern shore of Maryland not far from Centerville is called Mostly Hall. It is so called because it is mostly hall. A great central hall, as in the old houses built before rooms began to be differentiated according to their uses, makes up most of the building. Now halls have shrunk into mere passageways from which rooms for different purposes open, but in the old days the hall was the chief room in the house.

In Mostly Hall the hall is the living-room, dining-room, sitting-room, parlor, music-room and several other rooms combined. There the family does practically everything but sleep. There is a dining table for the grown-ups and their guests. At a sufficient distance there is a table for the older children and their guests. And in another part of the hall sufficiently removed is another table for the younger children and their guests.

It is a good deal like a parent corporation and its subsidiaries. Mr. Raskob has eleven children and it takes a talent for organization to organize a family like that.

"Free" Silver Was Right

"During Bryan's first campaign in 1896," said the reformed pickpocket, "all the crowds of pickpockets and housebreakers who usually followed a circus in those days left the circuses and began to follow Bryan because his crowds in every town were bigger than any circus that ever gathered. He used to say in his Free Silver speeches:

"'Now, every man in this audience who has any silver in his pocket, raise up your hand.' Of course almost every hand would go up. Then Bryan would say, 'Now let every man who has any gold in his pocket raise up his hand!' You'd see a hand go up here and there. We'd mark our man, that way, and take his gold in the big jam after the meeting.

"Well, sir, to show you what kind of a man Bryan was, he heard what we fellows were doing and he deliberately cut out that part of his speech."

It's How You Say It

We all listened to Al Smith's acceptance speech over the radio. Several times he said "first." The governor did not quite say "foist" nor did he pronounce the word exactly as the dictionaries would have it.

After the speech there was a discussion. A New Yorker said, "Al's pronunciation is New York. It may have started on the Bowery, but it is now general in New York, and I can't see why a New York pronunciation is any more objectionable than that of any other section."

"Certainly," said another, "it is no worse than the catgut twang of Mr. Coolidge's Vermont."

"Well," said a Middle-Westerner, "in my part of the country it sounds strange and adds to the conviction that Al Smith is an alien figure. Why, if anyone from Mississippi were running for President his broad Mississippi accent would lose him votes in the Middle West."

"And if anyone from the Middle West with his harsh choking 'r' ran for President, I for one," spoke up another, "could not bring myself to vote for him."

However Comma

Everything that appears under Arthur Brisbane's name and all his editorials are dictated into a machine at his desk, in his car, on trains or wherever he wanders. Being a stickler for correct punctuation he dictates his stuff with the insertion of "comma," "semicolon," "period," "quotes," as the case may be.

For two years he declined all invitations to talk anywhere, but broke his rule to address a faculty meeting at the University of Chicago. Meantime every day for hours he had dictated his stuff with full punctuation included.

When he made his Chicago talk he observed that the professors were polite but puzzled. Nobody interrupted him and he finished his talk. Applause, of course, followed; but Brisbane beheld a queer, unsatisfied look on the faces before him. He asked the chairman whether or not his talk had really got over.

"Yes," said the chairman, "but, you see, we are quite unaccustomed to hearing speeches carefully punctuated by the speaker. And personally I think you used just a few too many commas."

Figures Don't Lie

"'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark.
Bay deep-mouthed warning as THEY near his lair."

This isn't exactly what Byron said but it's near enough to it to be appropriately applied to the late Martin Barnaby Madden, who was chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations until his death on the twenty-seventh of last April. When it came to defending the Treasury of the United States against assault and battery, Mr. Madden was hard-boiled. Here's the way he repulsed an attack by the navy:

"We need an appropriation for 90,000 men," said a navy official as he appeared before Mr. Madden's committee.

"You do?" said Mr. Madden. "Well, we'll see about that," and he called for an adding machine and at the same time for a list of every boat, barge, tug, launch, transport, collier, navy yard and everything else that the navy owns.

"Now," he said after his wants had been supplied, "let's go. How many men, in war time, can you use on this ship?"

He got the answer and put it on the paper in the adding machine. He kept going; he got the figures concerning everything afloat in the navy and also the war-time complement of the navy yards. Then he pulled the crank and looked at that total. It read 63,000.

"You're asking for money," he said, "to pay 90,000 men when you haven't got jobs, even in war time, for but 63,000. And money for 63,000 is all you get. It's too much at that."

News Item

In a recent report the city of Detroit proudly announces that its liquor business amounts to the neat little sum of $215,000,000 a year, which makes it the city's second largest industry. But of course it doesn't pay taxes.

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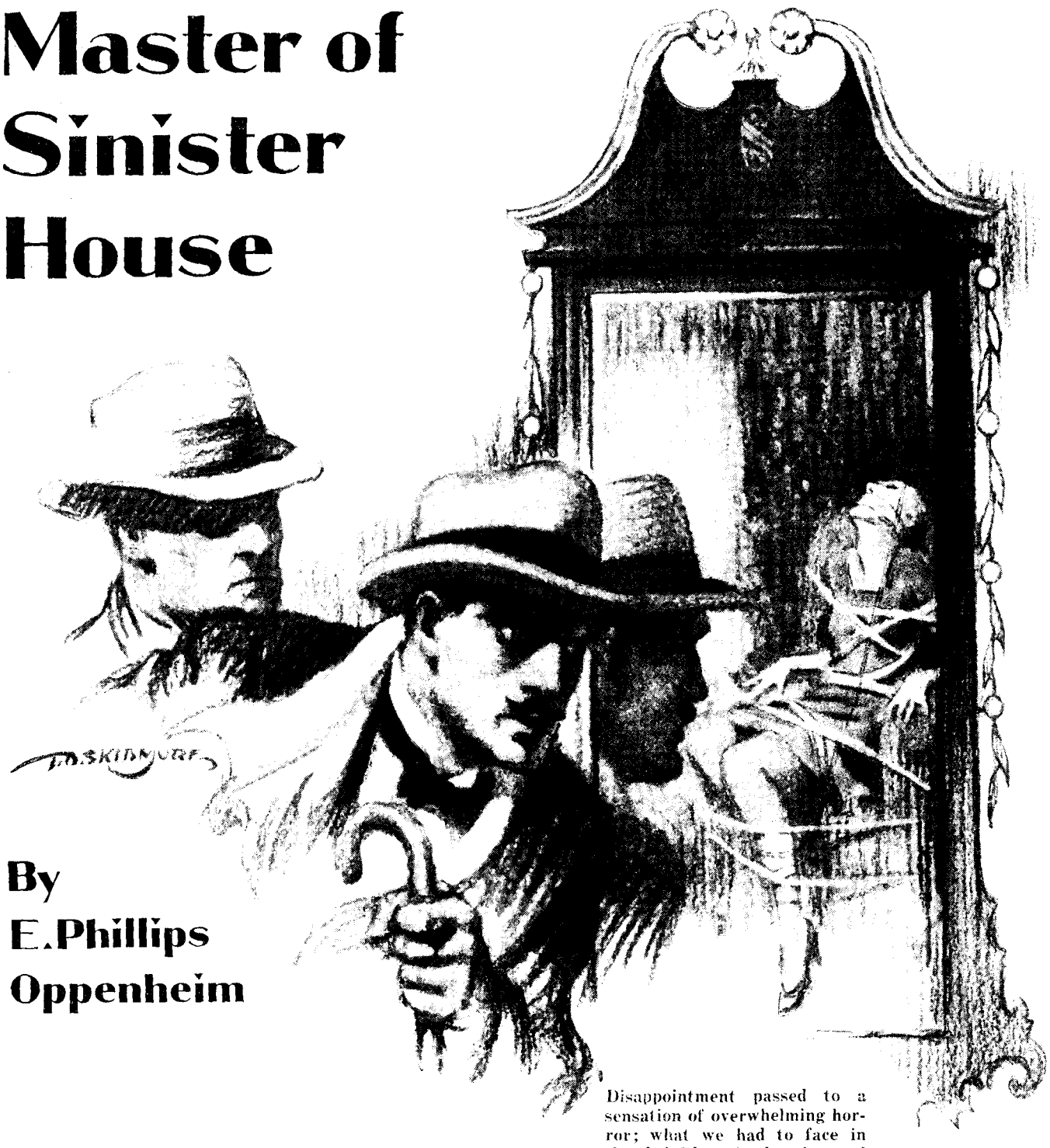
Master of Sinister House



Disappointment passed to a sensation of overwhelming horror; what we had to face in that brief but timeless interval is utterly indescribable

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

X

The Story Thus Far:

MARTIN HEWS is an unscrupulous collector of art treasures. He was born without legs, and lives in a huge mansion on the Breezeley marshes with his niece, Beatrice Essiter.

Jim Donkin, a London gangster, who wars against Hews' greatest enemy, Joseph, in the East End, steals Joseph's girl, Rachel. He flees to Breezeley. Hews promises to keep the girl and Donkin leaves England.

Major Owston undertakes to hunt Joseph in the West End. The first large function he attends, in company with Beatrice Essiter, is Lady Bonofar's reception. Afterward they go to the Blue Skies night club, with Mr. Leopold, Lady Bonofar's brother.

On their arrival Owston enters the office to sign the register. Everything turns black, and he awakes in a police cell accused of drunkenness. In court Leopold testifies that Owston was drunk.

As soon as possible Owston hurries to Claridge's, finds Beatrice has not returned, and seeing Leopold in the lobby, tells him of this. Leopold seems surprised but not at all worried.

At his flat Owston finds a letter from Joseph maliciously stating that *he* has taken Beatrice and finds her far superior to Rachel. Owston takes this letter to Breezeley, and Martin Hews with cruel cunning shows the letter to Rachel and releases her, for Donkin has died and Hews' promise to him is absolved.

That same evening in town Owston and Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard dine together and go to the Blue Skies night club to investigate the office where Owston was undoubtedly drugged.

Inspector Bloor recognizes the secretary, called Cranford, as a suspicious character and sends him home after he has ascertained that he really knows nothing about Leopold or the elusive Joseph.

Leopold, hearing of Owston's and Bloor's entrance, hurries to the office and tries desperately to bluff the inspector and get him out.

However, when Bloor starts to search the desk Leopold's composure vanishes pitifully in the face of the inspector's determination.

THE next quarter of an hour was one which I shall not easily forget. The habitués of the Blue Skies dancing club found everything as usual on their arrival there, but, in that little office behind, Leopold, as I could very well see, was sweating blood. His eyes watched feverishly every one of the papers and letters which Bloor selected for further inspection—already a formidable little heap. Then, in the midst of it all, the private telephone which stood upon the top of the desk rang. Leopold sprang toward it. He had no chance, however. Bloor brushed him to one side with a swift stab of the elbow, and took off the receiver himself.

"The Blue Skies," he said. "Who is speaking?"

I gasped in surprise. Bloor's imitation of the secretary's voice was wonderful. Nevertheless there was a pause. I took off the additional earpiece, and listened.

"Is that Cranford?"

"Cranford speaking."

The next question came in a marvelously distinct voice. For some reason or other it gave me a thrill when I heard it. It seemed to match so well the cynical, lowering personality of the man who the last time I had seen him had been sitting in Bloor's place.

"Is it all right for Polly Harten to come in tonight?"

"Perfectly all right," Bloor answered smoothly. "When?"

"Presently," was the curt reply.

Afterward there was silence. Bloor hung up the receiver and looked speculatively at Mr. Leopold.

"I wonder," he murmured, "whether there is such a person as Polly Harten? If she is a member, why does someone ask in a man's voice if it will be all right for her to come here tonight? I should rather like to see Polly Harten."

An ugly smile broke crookedly upon Mr. Leopold's lips. For once he said something which sounded perfectly natural.

"I DON'T think you would," he declared.

There was a moment's silence. Bloor turned back to the desk.

"I see you are thoroughly satisfying your curiosity with regard to my private affairs," Leopold observed.

"I feel very much ashamed of myself," Bloor confessed, without a quiver of sarcasm in his tone. "At the same time I must do my duty. So far, Mr. Leopold, I may tell you that I have come across very little—very little indeed—which should cause you any anxiety."

"You will find nothing there to justify your high-handed proceedings tonight," Mr. Leopold assured him with the air of one recovering his courage. "You will find nothing there to justify yourself when you are called up before the chief commissioner tomorrow morning."

"I am sorry you take it that way, sir," Bloor said, continuing his task. "That fellow Rees is a thoroughly bad lot. We are compelled to regard with a certain amount of suspicion any place where he has been employed. You must admit that there are some things even about this room which seem to require explanation. This, for instance."

The room was suddenly plunged into darkness, and a few seconds later flooded with light again. Mr. Leopold was making his stealthy way to the door, but paused at Bloor's somewhat peremptory injunction.

"Don't hurry away, please," the latter begged. "I was just going to ask you about these switches. Why should they be placed under your foot as you sit here, I wonder? I should have quite a long way to go to the door if I made use of them. Why weren't the switches by the door, Mr. Leopold?"

"No idea," the latter growled. "A notion of Cranford's, I suppose."

"Ah!" Bloor murmured. "A quaint fellow, that Cranford. Hullo, someone else ringing up!"

Again the same voice:

"The Blue Skies?"

"Yes."

"Is that Detective Inspector Bloor speaking?"

EVEN Bloor gave a little start. I nearly dropped the receiver. It was the same voice, slow, distinct, with its gibing undernote of mockery.

"Our dear shock-headed friend," it went on, "sitting in Cranford's chair and poring over a pile of secret documents! Not much there, Bloor—not very much, I am afraid. Still, it is a move. I grant you that. It is distinctly a move. You're getting on. You're a little better than Martin Hews' people, for instance. They seem to spend their time, I am told, haunting the pubs down Bermondsey and Shoreditch way. Shoreditch, Inspector, do you know, is a place I very seldom go to. And that fine fellow Owston who met with such an unfortunate accident last night. I dare say he is with you. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he is shadowing the place where he lost his lady love. . . .

"No denial, I notice. Tell me about your health, Bloor. I saw you the other night dining with the gallant major, and I thought you looked a little peaked and worried, and why the devil don't you go to the barber sometimes? That head of hair of yours is perfectly disgraceful. . . . You shouldn't worry so much, Bloor. I dare say the chief gets difficult sometimes. I shall drop in and see him one day, and I'll certainly give you a leg up if I can, Inspector. . . . Not in the humor for conversation, eh?"

"I like to listen," Bloor confided. "Your voice is a little unusual, you know. I am trying to listen so well that I shall never forget it."

"I have a nice voice," our sardonic enemy went on—"clear—it has even been called musical—but just a trifle inclined toward ribaldry. All my friends, you know, consider me too frivolous for the highest type of criminal. You know I'm Joseph, of course? It is Joseph speaking."

"How are you, Joseph?" Bloor rejoined. "I'd like to see you down here. Are you bringing Polly along this evening?"

"Not tonight," was the regretful reply. "I meant to, you know, although

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how the mischief you knew it I can't imagine. Never mind. I shall be at the Blue Skies one evening before very long, Inspector, and I shall dance there, and drink a bottle of that Cliquot '15, and I shall walk out just as happily as I entered—only, Inspector, I shall choose my night. See? By the bye, if Major Owston is there, would he like to have a message from a young lady?"

"I'll give it to him," Bloor promised. "What is it?"

There was an instant's silence. Then once more the mocking voice, only this time I fancied that it contained a suggestion of something more sinister.

"The young lady will bring it to him herself, Inspector. Good-by."

The connection was broken. Bloor rang up the chief inspector of the telephone first, and afterward Scotland Yard. Then we sat and looked at each other. In Leopold's presence, however, we refrained from speech.

"Are you two going to occupy my room all night?" the latter demanded harshly.

"We shall be leaving in a few minutes," Bloor assured him. "Don't let us keep you any longer, though. I remember you mentioned that you had a guest here. Pray return to her whenever you like. There are a few of your papers I am taking the liberty of removing. By the bye, what is this half bottle of whisky doing here, so tightly fastened down?"

"SAMPLE bottle," Mr. Leopold replied, with a malicious gleam in his eye. "Pre-war stuff, Inspector. Have a sniff."

Bloor lifted it up, and held it to the light. There was a sort of coating of frost on the outside of the bottle. His lips pursed themselves into a whistle.

"You won't mind my depriving you of this?" he asked. "We're a litle short of pre-war stuff at the Yard."

This time I thought that Leopold would have a fit. He sprang upon the bottle, but Bloor easily held him away.

"Look here, sir," he said quietly, "I am being very patient with you, but you know as well as I do that the man whom I have been compelled to arrest this evening was a dangerous criminal. He has been associated with this place for some time; so have you. I am obliged to take serious notice of that fact."

"Blast you, you're lying!" the little man shouted. "It's all camouflage about Cranford. You and your Simple Simon there, both of you—a couple of bloody liars trying to be clever! I wish you'd opened the bottle and drank it!"

We left the room, the door of which my companion carefully locked on the outside.

"Am I not to be allowed in my own office?" Mr. Leopold asked angrily.

"After tomorrow," the inspector promised.

Evidently some whisper of impending trouble had spread, for the club was almost deserted as we passed out into the street.

"After all," I reminded Bloor, as we turned westward, "he is certain to have a spare key."

My companion smiled.

"Precisely," he said. "I am hoping that he has. There are several documents there which were quite inexplicable to me. I have left them all. Tomorrow I shall see which he takes the trouble to destroy."

We walked homeward in a slight drizzle of rain.

"You'll come in and have a drink, Bloor," I invited.

"I certainly will, if you don't mind. I'm curious too to know if Joseph's last message meant anything."

I was staring at a note, in Smart's handwriting, which had been scrawled on a piece of paper, and stuck up against the wall to attract my attention.

A sense of wonder I had never felt before kept me tongue-tied and motionless

"A young lady waiting in my sitting-room!" I exclaimed. "Come along, Inspector."

We tore up the stairs, and I threw open the door of the sitting-room. My first sensation, looking across towards my easy-chair, was one of disappointment. There was certainly someone there, but it was not Beatrice. I turned on the switch, and almost instantly that faint sensation of disappointment passed to one of overwhelming horror. I swayed upon my feet for a few seconds without any power of movement. Bloor, on the other hand, never lost his presence of mind for a moment. He literally sprang past me at the chair with a knife all ready in his hand. What we had to face in that brief but timeless interval is utterly indescribable. It has passed into the chambers of horrors in the dark corners of my memory. A sob was tearing at my throat before I was able to be of any assistance to Bloor.

Rachel was lying back in the chair, bound with the cruelest of ropes. Her eyes were open, but glazed and set with terror, and every particle of color had left her cheeks and lips. But the rest of her! The beautiful silky eyebrows of which she had been so proud—gone! Just flesh where they had been. Her silky blue-black hair, every shred, every particle—gone. And the bald scalp! She had the appearance of some terrible mummy dragged from its grave by an over-curious civilization. As we cut the rope there were tears in my eyes and blasphemy on Bloor's lips. When the last one was severed, and she fell limp into my arms, I took her up like a baby and kissed her.

BLOOR was already at the telephone, talking rapidly. As soon as he had put back the receiver, he hurried to the sideboard, came back with a glass of brandy, and forced some between her blue lips. A card fell from her chest, and lay unnoticed upon the floor. For a time I held her tightly, smoothing her arms, patting her cheeks, saying every wild thing I could think of. Slowly a little color came back. She began to breathe naturally. Bloor, who had been watching, forced still more brandy between her lips.

"Let me die, please," she moaned. "They brought me a looking-glass. I want to die."

I forced a laugh. I don't know what sort of a sound it was.

"You foolish child!" I cried. "Why, you'll be dancing in a month."

"No. 10 Eldon Street," she faltered. "She's there with him. They'll have moved by now, unless you're quick. No. 10, Eldon Street. It's the other side of the river. Kill him—one of you, kill him, please."

"Eldon Street," Bloor repeated. "My men are within a hundred yards of there now."

He was at the telephone again, and she tried to creep away from me. I leaned over and turned out the light. She breathed a sigh of relief and curled up in my arms.

"Oh, my God!" she sobbed. "The agony! And I saw—I saw! They must have followed me here. Your man let me in and said I must wait for you. I sat here, and I must have dozed, and when I woke up there were two of them, and there was a gag in my mouth."

I reached out my hand for the brandy. She swallowed some greedily.

"They've cut my legs too," she cried hysterically. "One man said he was a surgeon. He said they wouldn't look pretty again for a long time. You'll kill Joseph? Promise me you'll kill him."

"I'll try," I vowed. "I killed a man before for less, and went to prison for it. They can hang me this time if they like."

SHE was crying quite naturally now, and I let her alone. Presently Bloor, who had hurried out of the room at the sound of an automobile horn below, came back.

"Carry her down, Major," he begged. "She's got both legs bandaged! I'll wrap her up in something."

He fetched a silk dressing gown from my room, and we carried her down the stairs, her long, thin arms wound fiercely round my neck. Outside was a police ambulance and a nurse waiting on the pavement. She helped me to lay Rachel upon the stretcher and together they drove off, Rachel waving her hand feebly. . . .

Bloor and I once more mounted the stairs, and the first thing I did was to pick up from the floor the card which had been pinned upon her chest:

JOSEPH
AT HOME
10 Eldon Street
E. C. 4,
INVITATION BY HAND
COME WHEN YOU PLEASE

We helped ourselves to the whiskies and sodas of which we were very much in need, and I threw open a window. Bloor filled his pipe and walked up and down the room smoking.

"A foul business, Major," he groaned. "The fellow's a devil incarnate: 10 Eldon Street—that's the district. My men are in there by now."

"A lot of good that will do us," I said bitterly. "You don't suppose he's waiting there to hand out refreshments."

Bloor came over to my side, and rested his hand upon my shoulder.

"Pull yourself together, Major," he enjoined kindly. "Of course it was a shock. I don't mind admitting I felt a bit squeamish myself, but remember, in a month she'll be singing again as happily as ever. It was a brutal, foul thing to do, but—he killed the men who squealed. It's all in the game, Major. She'll be well in a month."

"That child—that poor child!" I muttered. "You are right, Bloor, of course, but what she must have suffered!"

"We are all put through it now and then— What's that! Thunder?"

There was a faint drizzling rain falling, but not a breath of wind. I had been looking over the Green Park toward the river, and it seemed to me that a sudden flash of light had shot across the sky. Even while we stared at it there was a low, rumbling sound like a peal of thunder. Nothing else happened, except (*Continued on page 38*)

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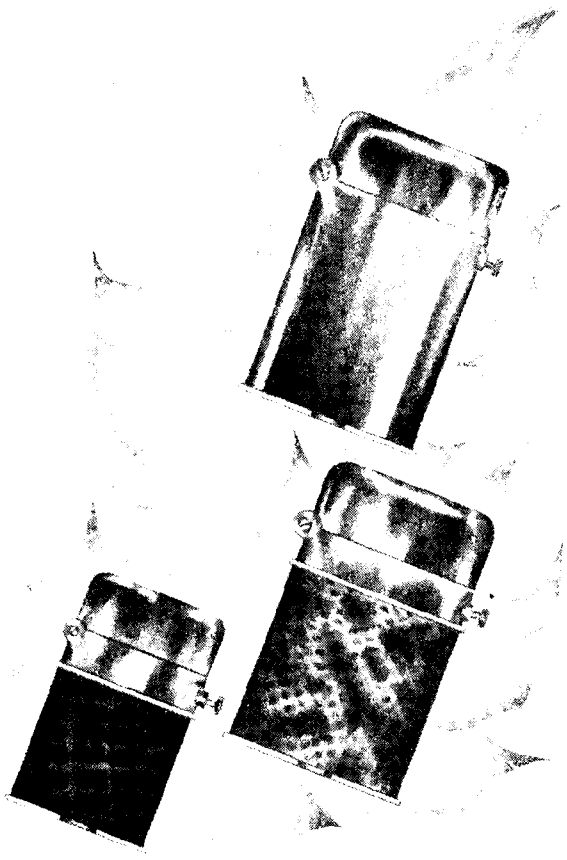

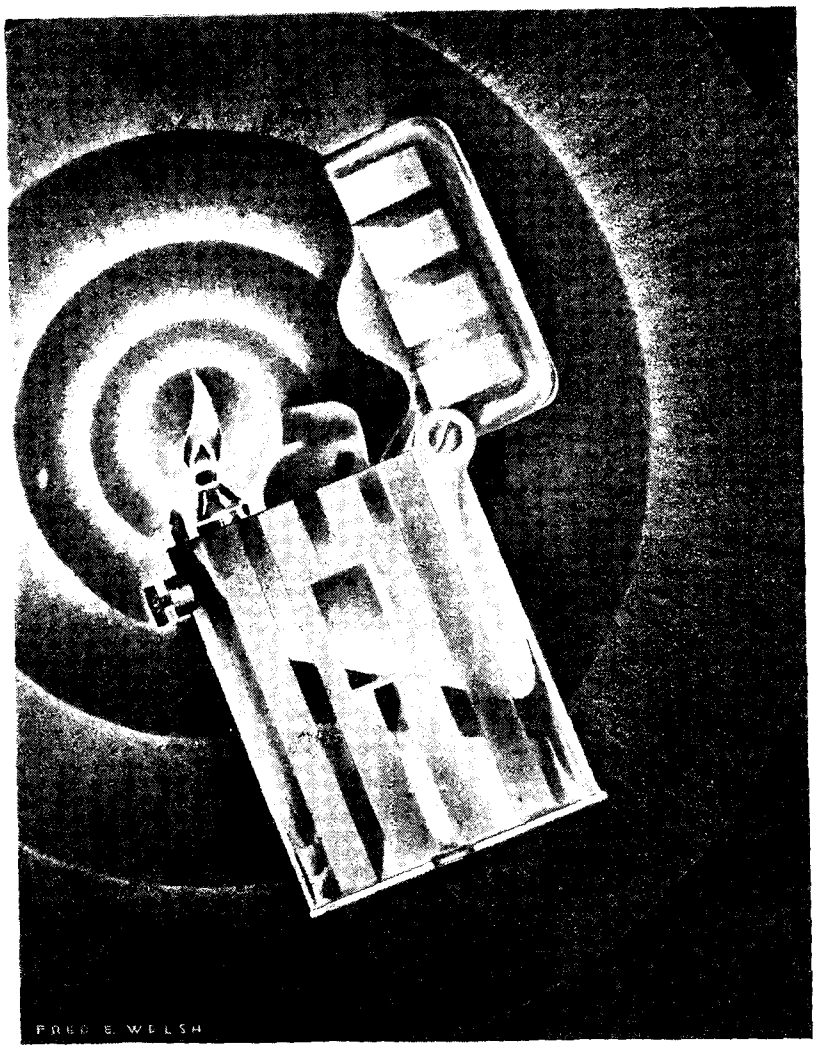

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Illustrated by Norman Bralcy

The black-eyed man considered visibly. "You're safe, see? As long as we are. Now talk!"

A Good Safe Name

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

YOUNG Mrs. Ambrose Sheridan had had a peach of a time all day and more than half the night, and she didn't want to stop.

Turning her roadster out of the boulevard she let it slide silently through the solid dark and subside before her house. The light above the door showed the clock on the instrument board pointing to half past one.

She slipped the clock out of its socket and wound it meditatively. She wished she could wind herself like that and go right on. What an affront it was, this necessity for sleep! She went slowly up the walk, resenting it.

Ammy would put the car up for her when he got home in his. They were very modern, with their separate cars and separate lives, flowing deliciously now and then into one, and very enthusiastic about it as *the* way to live. Ammy had gone tonight to another and even later party than hers. He wouldn't be in for an hour yet, or maybe two.

Sleep, she thought, unlocking the door and stepping inside, ought to be only for the old, who liked it. As for herself—she left the outside light on, for Ammy, and started up the stairs in the mild glow it cast through the grilled glass of the door—what she wanted, at half past one, was, not sleep, but life—more life. Any kind, she thought, in preference to sleep; but, if one might choose, something new and exciting.

And opened her bedroom door, ticked on the light and got it.

For the light fell with all the force of an explosion upon two men in black masks standing there awaiting her, and gleamed coldly on the automatic pistols in their hands. She felt that gleam along her spine.

She stood with her hand outstretched toward the light switch, gone rigid with fear. Her heart swelled up too big for her. The men looked back unblinkingly.

At last, "Say something, can't you?" she faltered. "You make me nervous!"

One of the men had fishy eyes of a whitish blue.

"Look here," he said, "don't you get funny, see? It won't get you nuthin'."

"You—flatter me," she murmured, and walked shakily toward a chair.

The other man—whose eyes were black—turned back to his job, and a huge desolation flowed in around her fear, for she saw what it was. He had the outer door of the wall safe off and on the floor at his feet, and was systematically attacking the inner door with strange instruments.

The *creme de la creme* of Olive Sheridan's material life was behind that plate of steel. She was going to have a painfully skimmed feeling if these men carried it off. She did the natural, inevitable thing: she lit a cigarette.

"Put it out!" growled one intruder.

"Aw, let her smoke!" said the other one over his shoulder. "What's the harm?"

"I say, put it out! Somebody'll smell it or something."

She put it out, remarking to the man at the safe:

"Sweet disposition your partner's got."

BUT he didn't answer, and her wavering spurt of jocosity died in a big stillness. Two small sounds collaborated to make it bigger: the faint rip of steel on steel and the wind ruffling the ivy leaves.

It seemed to swell inside of Olive's head, until suddenly it burst into the violent clamor of the telephone. It stopped as suddenly, and there was the stillness again—big with questioning.

"It's my husband."

The black-eyed man considered visibly.

"Answer it. And watch your step. Get me?"

"P-perfectly." She reached for the instrument with a shaking hand. She could feel the thrust of his hard keen eyes through the holes of his mask.

"You're safe, see? *As long as we are. Now talk!*"

But she couldn't talk. The warm tide of Ammy's voice, frothed with nonsense about the party, unnerved her. She could only stammer.

Until the black-eyed man came to her aid. The gentle tapping of the cold steel of his pistol on her hand drove her back to an unsuspected reservoir of courage and a desperate clarity—that and what Ammy began to ask of her.

He was in a high mood, and he presented his question festooned with gay and careless words: Would she mind if he stayed the night with his friends?

WOULD—SHE—MIND?

A voice came out of her throat and said that she wouldn't. "Norah and Bates," said that voice, "are here, of course" (tied up in their room, no doubt, thought she) "and I'm never nervous, you know."

"Right—o," Ammy agreed cheerily. "Then *that's* all right." (The black-eyed man returned to his work.) "You sound *kind o' funny*. Anything wrong?"

"Why, Adelaide's being operated on, and Theckla told me tonight that she's definitely leaving poor old Jimmy, and—"

There was a burst of merriment at the other end of the wire, as though his friends had pulled him away from the telephone.

"Ammy!" she cried. "Are you there?" And black panic took her by the throat, for she knew he wasn't. She hung to the wire listening.

The black-eyed man was placing the second door on the floor beside the first. He straightened.

"Tie her up," he said, and swept the contents of the safe into the waiting maw of a black valise.

A POLICEMAN took the gag out of her mouth and cut the ropes that bound her to the bed. She sat up in a litter of rope-ends and looked about. The room was full of policemen: big blue blurs kaleidoscoping one into another about a core of two black ones.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" said the man who had freed her; but she didn't hear. She heard the click of handcuffs and a hearty voice that said:

"Well, Jerry Carrigan, I'm thinking this time they'll make it life!"

She steadied herself with her hands and forced her eyes to focus, and looked for the first time into the face of the black-eyed man, denuded now of its mask: a hard face—reptilian—with a thin cruel mouth and a chisel chin.

And the black-eyed man looked back at her, with a new respect.

"You're a slick one," he said grimly. "What was the joker?"

"Always—" she began, when through the stillness came the toot of Ammy's horn—the two long and two short blasts with which they sometimes announced their coming to each other—and her heart bounded up like a freed balloon and stopped her.

She rose quickly. But before she pelted down the steps to his arms—

"Always name your safes," she advised the black-eyed man. "Ours is named Adelaide."

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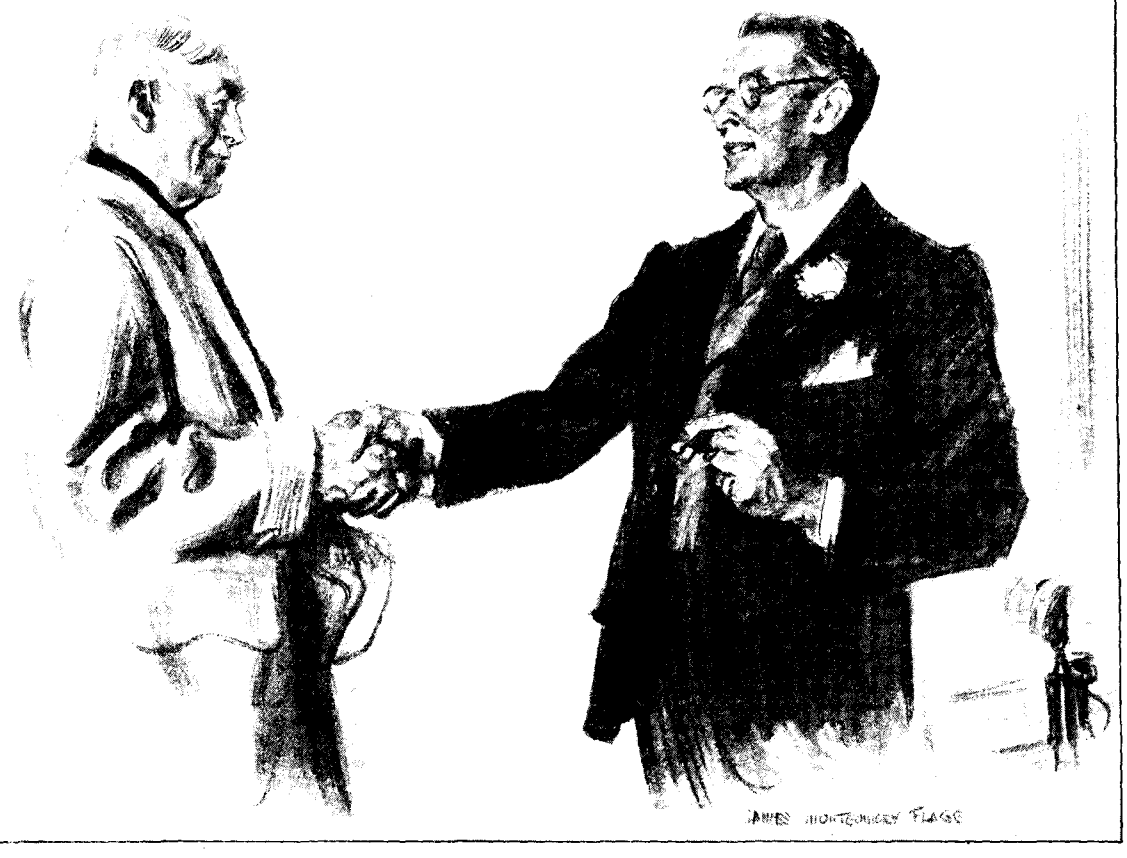
The Happy Day

"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"



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AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

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No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.

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Take Care of Yourself

By Grantland Rice

Why does one athlete outlast another? It's not simply a matter of physical condition—nerves are what generally cause the fade-out. Worry does more harm than nicotine, late parties and alcohol put together

Tunney, at his peak condition at 30, knew how to build up a valuable nerve reserve

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER and his opponent in a certain golf match at Ormond last winter had come to the ninth and final hole all even. Neither Walter Hagen nor Bobby Jones had ever been keener to sink the winning putt than this pair. Yet John D. Rockefeller at that time was in the neighborhood of 90 and his opponent, Major General Adelbert Ames, was close to 94.

This shows pretty well how far you can carry a game if you happen to carry it in the right way, which, in the respective cases of Mr. Rockefeller and General Ames, has been to concentrate on moderation and let the other fellow do the worrying and burn himself out.

A certain number of baffled and bewildered camp followers of sport have wondered why it was that so many athletes, rarely accused of strict training, seem to last longer in the competitive field than others who apparently lead stricter lives.

There is no intention here to suggest that alcohol and nicotine combine to bring about the pink of condition so often referred to, for they don't. But if taken in fair moderation there can be many things worse when it comes to athletic wreckage and physical slumping.

Take the two cases of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. Here were two heavyweights who apparently took good care of themselves, especially in regard to the cocktail, the highball and the cigarette. Yet Dempsey at 30, athletically, was on his way downhill and Tunney at 30 was at the top of his prime, able to keep winning several years longer. Why was this?

Dempsey's nervous system was always like the strings of a fiddle that has just been tuned up. He was that way in training. He was a bundle of nerves as he came to his dressing-room before a fight. At Shelby, Mont., while waiting for Tom Gibbons to have his bandages fixed, I saw Dempsey get up from his corner six times and tug at the ropes or paw at the rosin dust, completely unable to relax.

Under the same conditions Tunney would have waited and kept relaxed.

Dempsey burned himself out while Tunney was building up his nerve reserve. Dempsey was always r'arin' to go. Tunney was never in a hurry.

And Tunney usually left his game and its attendant worries in the ring. He never took it into the home. I noticed in playing golf with the ex-champion at Miami Beach last winter that it was always a hard matter to start him on any line of fight talk. Almost anything—but not much about fights.

Get It Off Your Mind

Dempsey has always liked crowds, but crowds are wearing on the nervous system. Tunney has never liked crowds and kept away. And the only break I have ever seen in his condition came from worry in ducking crowds and hiding out.

Bill Tilden remarked once that tennis staleness rarely came from playing too much tennis. "It comes," said Tilden, "from taking the game off the field into your home, from too much thinking and talking tennis."

"I thought," remarked Johnny Farrell, U. S. Open golf champion, "that you were all wrong when you said that after winning the title I would probably become over-golfed and that my game would suffer. I figured that I was only 26 years old and in fine health and that I could play a match every day. I soon found out I was wrong. Not only playing golf but talking and thinking golf all the time was neither good for my game nor my health. As my nerves began to wear down I noticed that my digestion began to go also."

Consider the case of Walter Hagen. Hagen was a contender for the Open Golf Championship 15 years ago at Brookline where he was in the running up through the 67th hole. Hagen has been the great war horse of golf for 15 years. He has been the hardest professional in the game to beat at match play. He has had an incredible match play record for the last six years. Hagen has made no attempt at any strict training. He has astonished experts by going out on late parties and turning in a 67 or a 68 the next morning. But Hagen has never taken his game off the course.

I saw him in the select professional invitation tournament at the National Links with a big money prize at stake. He was driving well but putting badly. "I can't get the hang of the greens," he said, "but there's no use fretting about it. You either can or you can't."

Hagen carries a marked philosophy into each contest and this philosophy carries no touch of self-pity, anger at bad luck or worry over tough breaks. His idea is to keep on hitting the ball the right way and the average will take care of itself. He expects to hit a few bad shots every round and when they come off he is never upset in any way. He can play through a hard match and finish with his nervous system and his digestion as perfect as when he started.

Then there is the case of Babe Ruth. The Babe, some years ago, was not averse to taking a drink when he happened to want one. But it was not until he developed a massive appetite for food and let it run amuck that his big crash came and he had to take a hospital cure and a long lay-off. That experience taught him a good lesson between seasons. Ruth was a world series entry 13 years ago. His big flock of home runs, over 50 in number, helped to propel him into his ninth world series this last fall. No one has ever accused Ruth of mapping out any strict training schedule. He has a winter training schedule but it is based upon sound sense in the heart of the temperate zone. Less food and more exercise is the basis of his winter training and the type of relaxation that means rested and recuperated nerves after the six months' campaign from April to October.

The Philosophy of Victory

Ruth, like Hagen, has found out how to play hard without foaming at the mouth or encasing his countenance in the armor of grimness. Ruth is a great hustler but he refuses to brood over any bad breaks. He is wise enough to know there are other games and other years.

Then there is Grover Cleveland Alexander. I recall his entry at the Polo Grounds against the Giants in 1911. That happens to be 17 years ago. He was one of the leading factors in hauling St. Louis to another pennant. No one has ever accused him of overtraining. And no one has ever accused him of getting keyed up to the breaking point.

"After all this," you might ask, "what is the answer?" I believe condition is largely a matter of nerve reserve and lack of worry and temperate living.

Some are equipped to go through life without any great nerve strain while others are not. But this does not mean the latter are in a hopeless condition. They can at least work for some of the philosophy that belongs to those who outlast the years.

They ought to know by now that self-pity, useless anger, overeagerness and emotional frenzies are more wearing on the nervous system and therefore more harmful than breaking strict training can ever be.

Tunney's success has been laid to his great condition. But more of his fine condition was due to his mental and physical relaxation than to his diet and teetotalism.

Harry Greb had about the same ring philosophy that Tunney always used. But Greb paid no great attention to strict training rules. In spite of which he fought and won over 400 fights through 14 years.

The grim, desperate, will-to-win has been overexploited. Harry Greb and Walter Hagen, Gene Tunney and Babe Ruth and Grover Alexander have done pretty well for 15 or 18 years and they got by because they didn't have any continued emotional spasms that would tear their nervous systems into shreds.

Wide World

The high-strung Dempsey was fond of crowds, and paid for it in nervousness

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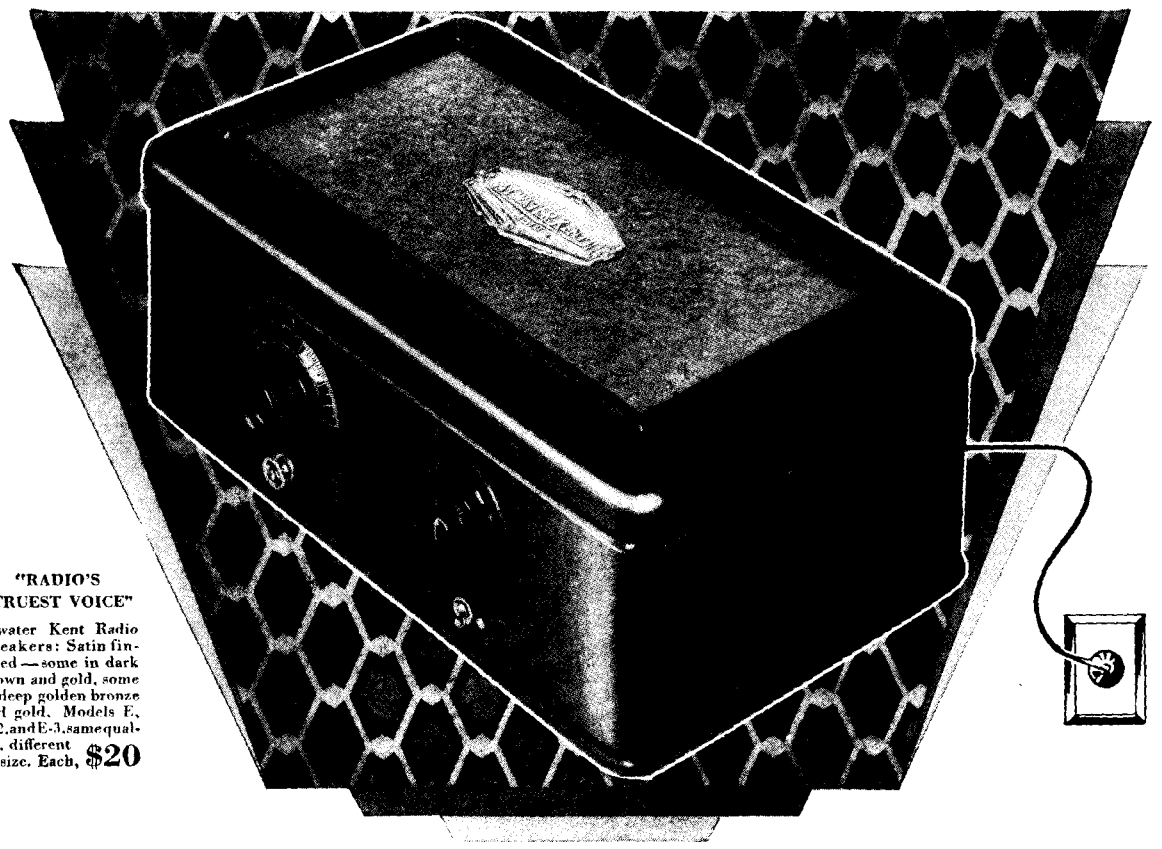
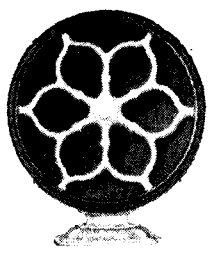
ATWATER KENT RADIO

THE 1929 ELECTRIC SET





"RADIO'S TRUEST VOICE"

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Satin finished — some in dark brown and gold, some in deep golden bronze and gold. Models E, E-2, and E-3, same quality, different in size. Each, **$20**

MODEL 40 A.C. More powerful, more sensitive. FULL-VISION Dial. Satin finished in dark brown and gold or deep golden bronze and gold. Requires six A.C. tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, $77.

Model 41, for direct current, without tubes, $87.

$77

(without tubes)

In City and Suburbs and on the Farm

. . . . the story is the same

OWNER A, a woman, has a two-room apartment in New York City. She has an Atwater Kent all-electric set because it takes up so little of her limited space, brings in the programs so clearly, rids her of batteries and costs so little.

Owner B has a twenty-one room house in the country. He has three Atwater Kent all-electric sets — one for his music room, one for his upstairs sitting room, one for his chauffeur, over the garage. He could have paid any price, but chose the Atwater Kent because, like most rich men, he knows the value of money and makes his dollars count.

Owner C has a farm seven miles from the nearest town and far from broadcasting stations, but near a power line. He has an Atwater Kent all-electric set because it brings in "distance" and gives no trouble.

Like the two other owners, he appreciates the economy of having a set which uses only a fraction of a cent's worth of electricity an hour.

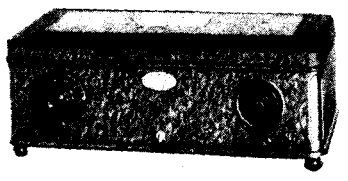
These three owners, so differently situated but sharing the desire for good radio entertainment, are typical of the hundreds of thousands who have already chosen the 1929 Atwater Kent all-electric set. In city and suburb and on the farm it is the preferred radio — and why? Simply because it brings into the home all anyone could ask of radio, and saves money besides.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4752 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

On the air — every Sunday night — Atwater Kent Hour — listen in!

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

MODEL 42 A.C. Many refinements in cabinet design — crowned lid, panelled corners, ball feet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, **$86**



MODEL 44 A.C. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Local-distance switch. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses seven A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, **$106**

MODEL 52 A. C. Combining electric receiver and speaker in satin-finished compact cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. Automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, **$117**

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Written in Mauve

By John B. Kennedy

A brief drama involving a pen and some poison—and a quick-witted doctor, who lost his patient but solved the mystery

As if suddenly weakened, he placed a hand on her shoulder for support and implored her to remain

MISS MORLEY knew that her patient held her in suspicion. She had known it from the first week of her service in the Rortans' country home. As she moved about the deep soundless sick-room with its double windows looking over sweeping gardens, the nurse felt the patient's pale gaze upon her. Even when Mrs. Rortan dozed in a chair under a shaft of sunlight, Miss Morley, sitting quietly by, had the sensation of being watched by the invalid.

Miss Morley had learned, in an experience of several years, to discount the natural envy that her cool and vigorous youth provoked in patients, especially the neurotics to whom her principal, Dr. Graham, ministered. They were usually rich women such as Mrs. Rortan, at a critical age, when health seemed to be passing in the wake of vanished beauty.

The nurse read something more sinister than jealousy in her patient's attitude. Beneath her stoically handsome exterior, Miss Morley continually tried to account for Mrs. Rortan's latent antagonism. She failed. Only the relations between man and wife could explain one woman's reaction to the presence of another in her household. Miss Morley was shrewd enough to know that—and much else. Yet externally, at least, Mr. Rortan was a solicitous, even an anxious, husband.

Each day before going to his office he would spend a half hour in the sick-room chatting encouragingly with his wife.

It cost an effort, for Mrs. Rortan's settled formula was a mild and hesitating querulousness. The nurse, obliged to be present during these visits, gave no sign from her cool, dark eyes of the pathetic irony in the contrast between a debonair, brisk-looking business man and his pallid, consciously anemic wife.

He would telephone from the office immediately after Dr. Graham had concluded his afternoon examination. Each evening, before summer twilight set in, Mr. Rortan's car stole down the drive and he dutifully spent what time his wife's strength permitted in the sick-room, before his dinner. Later, the trying rites of arranging the patient for the night completed, he accompanied Miss Morley on a slow walk through the grounds, discussing his wife's condition with her.

WHEN Miss Morley returned to the anteroom, Rortan would remain in his study until he himself went to bed, with instructions to be summoned instantly if his wife needed him.

One evening, on regaining the anteroom from a stroll with Rortan, Mrs. Rortan summoned her. Her small, pricking voice came from the pillows where she lay, waxen-faced, eyes closed under a dim night-light.

"What," she asked, "have you done with my husband?"

A proper question would have been: "Where is Mr. Rortan?" Miss Morley bridled at the implication of the other's phrascology.

"Your husband," she said, pointedly, "is in his study."

Mrs. Rortan smiled—a thin, skeptical smile. Murmured words were lost to Miss Morley in her sudden anger. As the nurse left the sick-room for the night, that smile haunted her.

When the doctor came the following day Miss Morley asked release from the case. Dr. Graham, a wise, expensive practitioner, knew human nature almost as well as he knew arithmetic.

"Very well, Miss Morley," he said without even asking her reasons for resigning. "Let me have two or three days to engage somebody in whom I have confidence. There is the Platt case in Edgecomb, which might suit you better. We'll discuss it later."

Some hours afterward, Mr. Rortan came into the sick-room at the climax of an irritating scene. Mrs. Rortan had insisted on measuring her own afternoon dose of medicine, a compound of strychnine. This distrust had stung her nurse, who had protested. The patient had answered with a vague, provocative grimace. It was at this moment that Rortan appeared.

Mrs. Rortan greeted him with an air approaching vivacity, a marked change from her habitual languor. She asked him if he had a small diary in his study that he could send to her.

AS MISS MORLEY started her evening walk, selecting a different section of the grounds from that of previous evenings, Mr. Rortan came from the house and joined her.

He explained at once that Dr. Graham had telephoned him of her desire to quit the case. She was moved, by the earnestness with which he urged her, to reconsider her decision, but said nothing.

Her firmness produced an opposite mood in him. As if suddenly weakened, he placed a hand on her shoulder for support and implored her to remain. His troubled gaze in the twilight revealed to her the silent agony of his life. She was caught swiftly by admiration of the perfect part he played in repressing, for loyalty's sake, rebellion against a cruel domestic burden. Indeed, Miss Morley felt dangerously flattered that this brisk business man should uncover hidden emotions for her.

She assented. She would remain, for his sake. Impulsively his free hand went to her other shoulder, and for a moment there before Rortan recovered full composure it seemed to an observer that they were embracing. The observer stood by her sick-room window, clutching a curtain fold to shield her while she spied.

Miss Morley knew. Her swift glance toward the window caught the movement of a side curtain. She had an impulse to tell Rortan that he had been seen, and that he should explain to his wife. But woman's instinct vetoed an explanation that would further complicate relations with her patient.

That night Mrs. Rortan dismissed her early, after (Continued on page 44)

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A sprinter and marathon runner . . . all in one

Heretofore when starting efficiency of a battery was increased its life was correspondingly decreased. But now Prest-O-Lite has entirely overcome that . . . In the New Improved Prest-O-Lite, recently introduced, starting power has been increased an actual 25%—with no sacrifice of long life, for which these batteries have always been famous.

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Sales Corporation
Indianapolis, Ind. Oakland, Calif. Toronto, Can.

Built and Tested at the Speedway

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Illustrated by Nancy Fay

She was the cutest and sauciest thing I have seen in many a day

Simple and Sweet

By Elizabeth MacDonald Osborne

The more you simplify your child's clothes the smarter she will look. If you want to set off those endearing young charms, avoid sophistication

WHEN I see certain little girls dressed up for a party, or clutching their father's hands on the way to church or romping about in play, I wonder whether their parents think at all when they buy their children's clothes, or whether they have an ideal which doesn't agree with mine.

"What a pretty child!" is a murmur which too often greets a little girl as she enters a room. Instantly she is conscious of her clothes and personal appearance. Life may have taken on a new interest for her, but she has lost a charm which she can ill afford to lose. The most attractive quality in youth is its lack of self-consciousness, and wise parents do all they can to preserve this as long as possible. To this end they dress their children in simple and inconspicuous clothes. This does not deny them the heritage of smartness, but there must be a certain nonchalance about the whole.

Grooming should never be applied to children. The natural disorder that grooming subdues is a legitimate and artistic attribute of little ones. The face and hands should be washed and the hair combed at certain necessary intervals, but, with fresh clothes in the morning and a bath at night, that is enough.

Loose hair unfettered by ribbons, a washable frock with plenty of fullness, sensible shoes and negligible socks are the right habiliments for every active youngster.

But this is what I see: Little figures on Fifth Avenue; one half bare white legs and the other half a rectangular box which is tight and straight and very "French." At the top is a snug-fitting hat just like Mother's—or perhaps a little older, for Mother wishes to look youthful.

There are two general headings under which all children's frocks can be grouped: the English type and the French. English frocks are usually smocked and are quite uniform. Most of them have a yoke, sometimes narrow and sometimes deep, with a great deal of skirt material smocked into the yoke. The sleeves are more often long than short, and the little collar hugs the base of the neck. The others are made without the yoke and are cut with raglan sleeves. These are smocked deeply around the base of the neck and the more becoming are finished with a narrow collar.

The Rhythm of Motion

The most delightful feature of these two types is the great amount of fullness which hangs free from the neck or not lower than the arms. This swings and sways with every movement of the child, and the rhythm of motion thus produced is lovely. The smocking gives an opportunity for contrasting color and a little design, although I like them best when the embroidery cotton is the same color as the dress, or white. A fresh pink chambray frock embroidered in white, with white collar and cuffs, will make a child look about as well as a child can, and that's saying a great deal.

Some of the most artistic mothers order a half-dozen frocks at a time, all exactly alike except for the color.

These frocks, made of chambray and fine gingham, are suitable for all occasions except some function such as a wedding or perhaps dancing school. For these events the same model made of organdie, batiste, heavy georgette or crêpe de chine, with a deep hem and perhaps some tucks in the skirt, will be far more appropriate and more artistic than the frilly, lacy concoctions of batiste and lace with dripping bows of satin ribbon which expensive shops sell to doting relatives.

In one dancing school I visited, the most interesting child was wearing a white crêpe de chine frock smocked in white and made with a yoke and long sleeves. This little girl was rather big for her age and very slender, and she might easily have looked awkward. In another class a dainty, exquisite child skipped about in a petal-pink georgette made in the same manner, but with short sleeves. This time the yoke was round and an inch or so of pointed smocking circled it. The fine appeal of the child and her fresh sweetness would have been partly smothered by frills and laces.

The French method of dressing children is much more popular in this country than the one I have been describing. You will find it in the most palatial residences and the cheapest tenements. It consists of all sorts of trick dresses, the trickier the cuter and the more gloated over by many mothers. These are frequently scant and always very short. Many times they are sleeveless, which seems to me the crowning offense, for it is very sophisticated. I believe the theory is that a child's arm is so pretty that it should not be covered, but if that is your theory a three-year-old should wear nothing at all. Every bit of her is too pretty to cover. The sun baths that carefully-brought-up children are given in a secluded spot each sunny day might well be extended to the whole day. It would be a great saving on washing and mending.

I remember walking in a small park in Paris one afternoon and seeing a cunning child of three playing about with a huge pink ball. She was wearing a pink silk frock which boasted a skirt hardly three inches deep and which covered the upper quarter of her thigh. A string of pink beads hung nearly to the bottom of her skirt, there were no sleeves, and her little poke bonnet flaunted a tiny pink feather. But I give you my word that, in spite of all this frippery, she was the cutest and sauciest thing I have seen in many a day. The reaction came instantly, however. She knew she was cute, and when you realized that the spell was broken.

While she was tossing the pink ball about, two American officers passed, and I heard one of them say, "Look at that kid! Now, when I get home my kiddies are going to wear their skirts that short. What's the use of covering up good-looking legs?" I had a premonition that a great many American fathers were going back with that idea, and my premonition has been substantiated. With our American zeal, we have gone the limit, and frequently only the trunk of the American kiddies is covered.

A Flawless Costume

In coats and hats there is the same choice as in dresses. A child in a soft green coat, with white fur around the neck and sleeves, a white fur cap and high white boots, socks and gloves, will attract your attention and may force an exclamation of admiration from your lips, but the little girl in the dark-blue reefer and the blue and white striped gingham frock, with high tan boots, plain champagne-colored socks and a blue or brown hat with rolling brim, has a better start in life.

Hats for five-year-olds which are the regular cloche in miniature are ever so much less youthful than the béret caps, tam-o'-shanters and round hats with rolling brims, either deep or narrow. It is true that your daughter will like the little trimmed cloche much better, but so would she prefer a pound of candy to a pound of prunes, and still you give her the prunes. It is never too early to begin to teach the importance of appropriate dressing. Early ideas stick the longest.

It is pretty safe to say that the more you simplify a child's dressing the smarter she will appear. There are many short cuts worth learning. Buy her dresses by the half dozen, but in different colors. Buy her socks also by the half dozen in champagne and white. The sand-colored sock and brown shoe are suitable with frocks of every color, and when white frocks are donned white socks should accompany them. If there are no colored bands, there will be no fuss about having the right pair ready for each frock.

For party wear there is nothing so sweet for little tots as white. Flaxon is a fabric which looks like organdie, but does not muss half so badly. White silk socks and one-strap patent-leather slippers or high white doeskin boots are correct.

For traveling or visiting, the colored ginghams with narrow white collars and cuffs are my first choice. Next to these come pongee smocks in brown and henna or dark blue. This, with brown shoes and stockings, makes a flawless costume.

Don't dress a child in plaid. It is much too much. When she is a little older she can wear a plaid pleated skirt with a middy blouse, but a whole coat or dress is too heavy for so delicate a piece of mechanism.

And go slow on red. Reserve it for linings or a béret cap.

Dodge all vivid colors, and surround the peach-bloom complexion of a child by the soft colors that belong with peach and apple blossoms.

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PEPS *him up all day long* - - - -
SOOTHES *him when the sun sets !*

Cincinnati, Ohio
June 1, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

My good old pipe has just reminded me of a dozen promises to write a bit of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth.

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc.

When you are up against a barrage of questions by excitable women, doubtful men, and self-confident millionaires, trying to harmonize the whole in an effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before —well, you need a Pep-Producer—that's all.

And when the day's work is done, along toward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all.

I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did.

Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,

William H. Arbogast

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are both sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

* * *

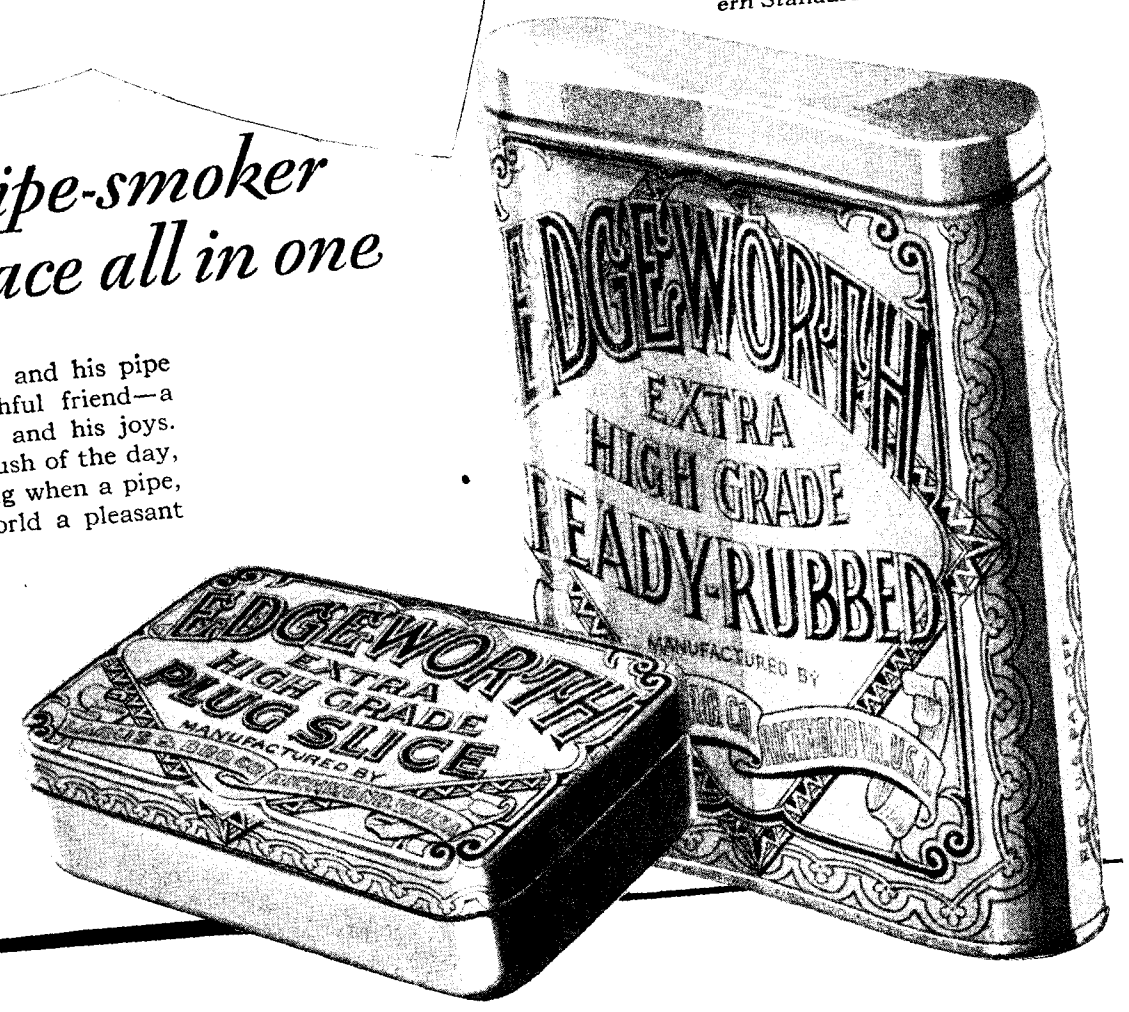
On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles:—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

In this favorite brand, pipe-smoker finds vigor and solace all in one

LET a man find just the right tobacco, and his pipe sure does become a true and faithful friend—a constant companion through his sorrows and his joys. It is ready to encourage him during the rush of the day, and soothe him in the hush of the evening when a pipe, a book, and an easy-chair make the world a pleasant place to live in.

If you would like to find out just what it is about this pipe "affinity" (as Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) that binds together so closely members of the Edgeworth Club all over the world, let us send you samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice to try in your own pipe.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 35 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these generous samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for its quality is *always* the same in every season.



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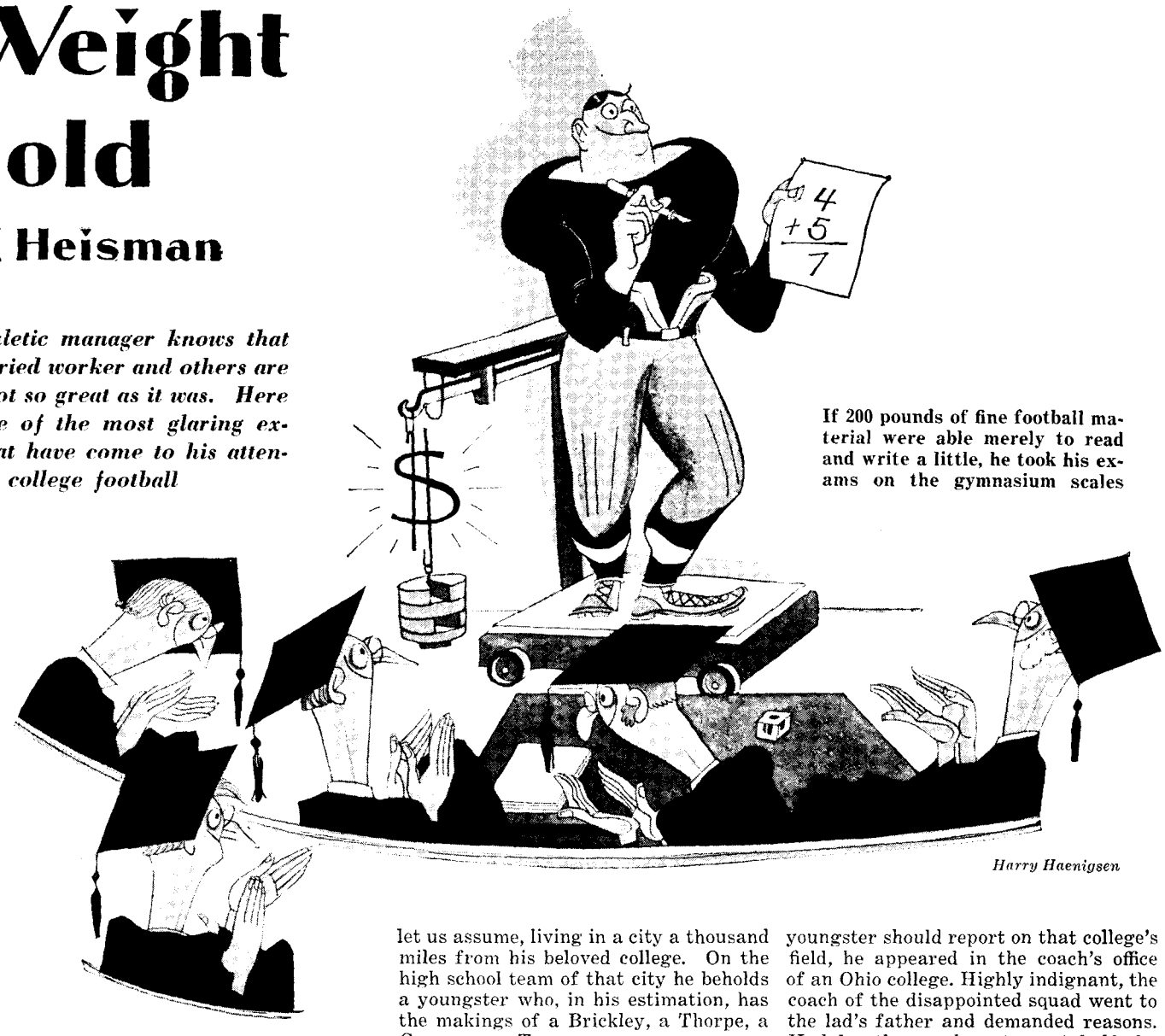
Their Weight in Gold

By John W. Heisman

Every football coach and athletic manager knows that many a college player is a salaried worker and others are little better. But the evil is not so great as it was. Here Mr. Heisman sets down some of the most glaring examples of professionalism that have come to his attention in 42 years of college football



If 200 pounds of fine football material were able merely to read and write a little, he took his exams on the gymnasium scales

Harry Haenigsen

IT WAS just four years ago that the star tackle on the football team of one of the largest colleges in the country decided that he was being cheated.

He went to his coach and bitterly complained that he had come to college to be a football player for so much a week and that he hadn't got it. He was willing to be fair, however. He'd wait until the following Saturday morning when, he hoped, the honor of the college would assert itself and he would receive his overdue pay and a cheering assurance that the ghost would not thenceforth be so laggard.

No one could accuse this fine young athlete of undue petulance. He waited for the pay car until an hour before the game. It did not appear. Then, highly indignant, he surrendered his football uniform and exchanged a few burning words with the coach.

Before taking the train to his New England home he called upon the sporting editors of the local newspapers and related his grievance. Was it fair, he demanded, to lure a poor boy from his family with promises of gold and then refuse to make good? Particularly when there were other colleges which had promised him a salary for playing tackle for them?

Obviously not. Therefore he was all through with his perfidious Alma Mater and was open for engagements elsewhere. What, he asked, could be a sadder sight than a good footballer out of work?

The newspapers made much of the incident. Here was proof of professionalism in college athletics. What, asked the newspapers, were the colleges going to do about it? For one thing, reasoned some editors, the college of the disgruntled and unpaid was quite sure to be stricken from the schedule of other and purer institutions. And if this college had been acquiring one athlete in that manner was it not wholly likely that other members of the team were hirelings, or, to use the college name for the type, boilermakers?

"Let Him Who is Without Sin—"

But nothing happened. For a few days the cheated athlete's story gave sport journalism something to print and the football public material for wisecracks. The young man went home to be heard of no more. None of his teammates exhibited undue excitement. The public turned out in even greater numbers to see the game and before spring returned all had been forgotten if not forgiven.

Not one of the colleges on that season's schedule balked at playing this tackle's Alma Mater in the following fall. Not one demanded that his erstwhile team be searched for professionalism. Not one rival athletic association so much as suggested that a little investigation would not come amiss.

And the reason for this surprising condonation of college professionalism is as simple as the incident itself: There was no pot so clean that it could afford to call this kettle black. In other words, virtually all those colleges were playing hired men. Frankly the practice was general. It still is in a somewhat modified form. The niceties of a slightly more efficient civilization have included college football too. Just as this striking tackle's grievance was less blatant than it might have been in 1900.

And not that I condemn the practice in its entirety. There are many lusty boys who could not get college training unless they traded their athletic cunning for jobs which defray the expense of tuition, board and lodging. And there have been a surprising number of these poor but strong youths who have by their postgraduate contributions to society justified their education. Society would have been the poorer had college athletics been purer. Fine scientists would still have been working in garages. Brave soldiers would still be jerking soda.

The strict tenets of amateurism will be debauched with fierce abandon as long as alumni take an aggressive pride in their colleges, which pride is usually centered in the college's athletics. (It is taken for granted that academic rating of one's college is at least high enough.) There will be professionalism in college athletics as long as high-pressure salesmanship is an important part of increasing college finances, adding buildings to the college plant and fattening the college's prestige and enrollment.

The alumnus of the go-getter type is, let us assume, living in a city a thousand miles from his beloved college. On the high school team of that city he beholds a youngster who, in his estimation, has the makings of a Brickley, a Thorpe, a Grange or a Tryon.

After seeing this young phenomenon score three or four touchdowns, kick a flock of field goals and generally make a shambles of the opposition, our alumnus writes or even telegraphs to the graduate manager of athletics at Michilvania to tell him of this football wonder.

If the authorities back at college have faith in the alumnus' judgment they may tell him to interview the subject of his enthusiasm and arrange to ship him on the moment he is ripe for college.

"Son," says the alumnus to the sturdy high-schooler, "you're one of the best football prospects I've ever seen. Where are you going to college?"

Swaying the Course of the Stars

The boy is undecided. Perhaps his parents are so poor that the expenses of a college education are forbidding. In this circumstance the alumnus does not experience a sympathetic sorrow. Instead his heart leaps because here his task becomes simplified.

"Why not Michilvania?" he asks. "With your football abilities it can be fixed up neatly and without shame. Let me send you on to my college where, if you have a sufficient number of credits or admission units, you will be accepted at once and given a job on the campus which will produce enough money for all your expenses plus a little for your pocket. And you'll be playing football with a front-page college team. What do you say?"

There you have the system in its simplest and often least objectionable form. Not, however, that it is never complicated. There was that lineman, later All-America, whose brother had won a bit of fame carrying the ball for a college in Pennsylvania and who was expected to follow to the same college.

But when the day came when this youngster should report on that college's field, he appeared in the coach's office of an Ohio college. Highly indignant, the coach of the disappointed squad went to the lad's father and demanded reasons. Had he, the coach, not spent half the summer working on this prospect?

"Yes," said the father, "you did, and, mister, I don't mind telling you that me and the boy feel right skunkish not to keep our word and play football for you. But it's this way with me: With me business ain't been so good. In fact it's been downright bad and the boy and me got to discussing it. To tell the truth you didn't offer enough money and we were going to tell you about it when along comes this other fellow offering $2,500 a year and I said we better take it quick before this fellow goes shopping somewheres else. We sort of figured you couldn't meet that price, mister. Sorry as all get out."

This boy earned his $2,500, winning glory and games for himself and his employers, and is still being held up as a sample of what a star lineman should be.

And not that the system doesn't lead to horrid embarrassments. You have already been told of the one-man strike but your amusement should be increased proportionately by the distress of a small college which in 1924 put forth a team of boilermakers which trampled all opposition into submission by scores of 50 to 0, 70 to 0 and even 90 to 0 until one Saturday when, meeting a college which hadn't won a game that season, it went down to a 40 to 0 defeat. The newspapers called it an upset.

But on the following Saturday this team of herd-riders swamped a college eleven which was being spoken of as the best in the country. The score was something like 30 to 0. Naturally large numbers of interested ladies and gentlemen were inquisitive regarding the upset of the preceding Saturday. But not until a year later did the truth emerge. One of the stars of that mighty team having been graduated back to the Chelsea docks (*Continued on page 55*)

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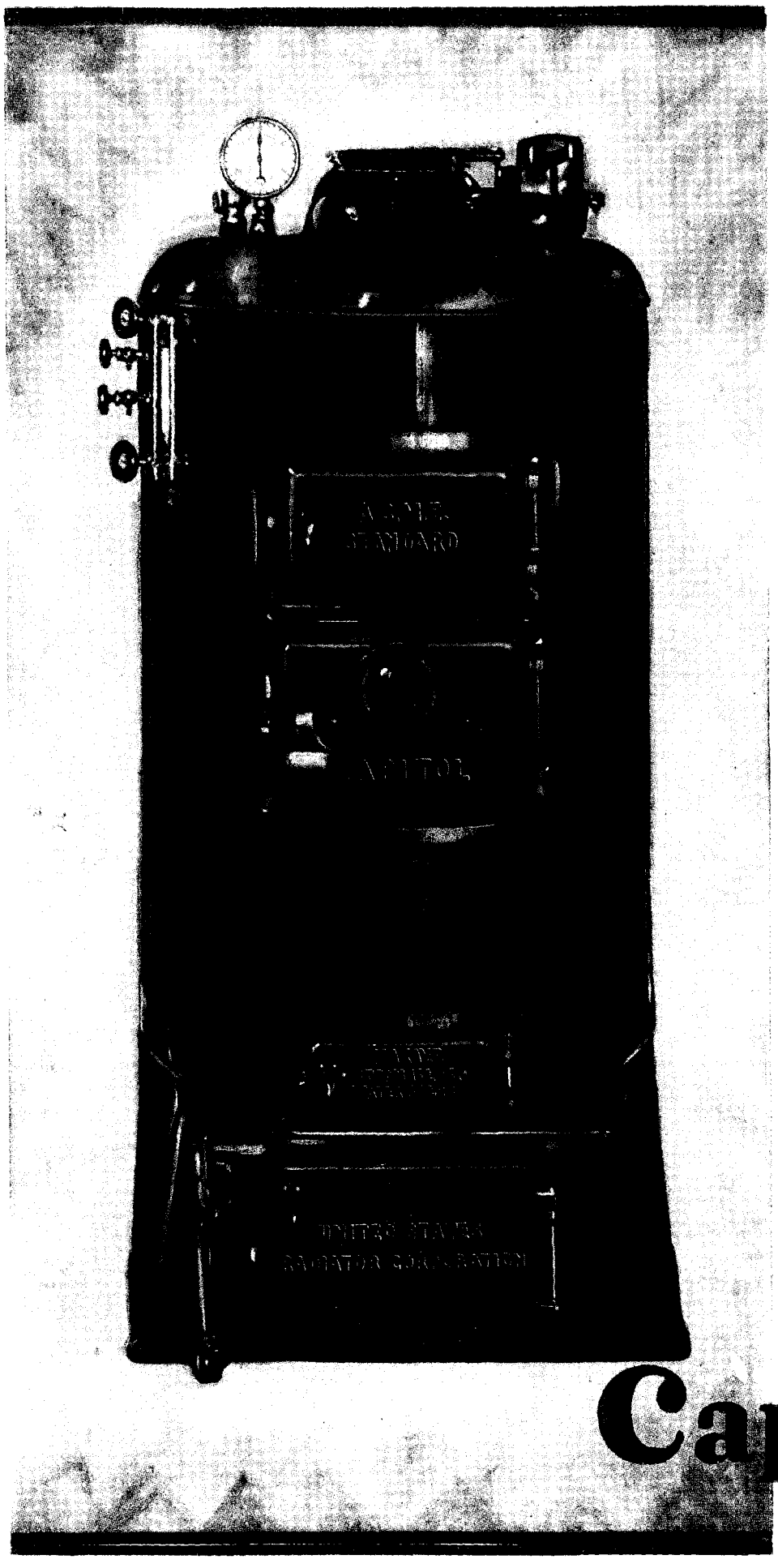
A handsome package of YEAR-'ROUND summer



By far, the finest, most efficient residence boiler of our thirty-eight years of progress now is realized in the Capitol Red Cap.

SO utterly new, different, advanced is the Capitol *Red Cap* that comparison with previous boilers is inadequate. Only the healthful warmth of a glorious summer's day can rival the cozy comfort it will bring into your home, every day, the long winter through.

In beauty, there is no duplicate for its staunch and trim round jacket that glistens in blue and red and nickel. As for insulation, its thick blanket of rock wool has no parallel in heat conservation. Frugality of fuel, ease of operation; every principle and point of design has been proved in thousands of actual installations.

Most important of all, your satisfaction is certified by the broadest and strongest written warranty in the industry, Capitol Guaranteed Heating *. The established heating contractor in your community will deliver this handsome package of year-'round summer to your home. Ask him, and write for a free copy of "A Modern House-Warming" which illustrates and describes the Capitol *Red Cap* and its worthy partners, Capitol Radiators.

***GUARANTEED HEATING**

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

United States Radiator Corporation

8 Factories and 33 Assembling Plants Serve the Country — GENERAL OFFICES DETROIT, MICH. — *For 38 years, builders of dependable heating equipment*

THE PACIFIC STEEL BOILER CORPORATION
Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations — business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

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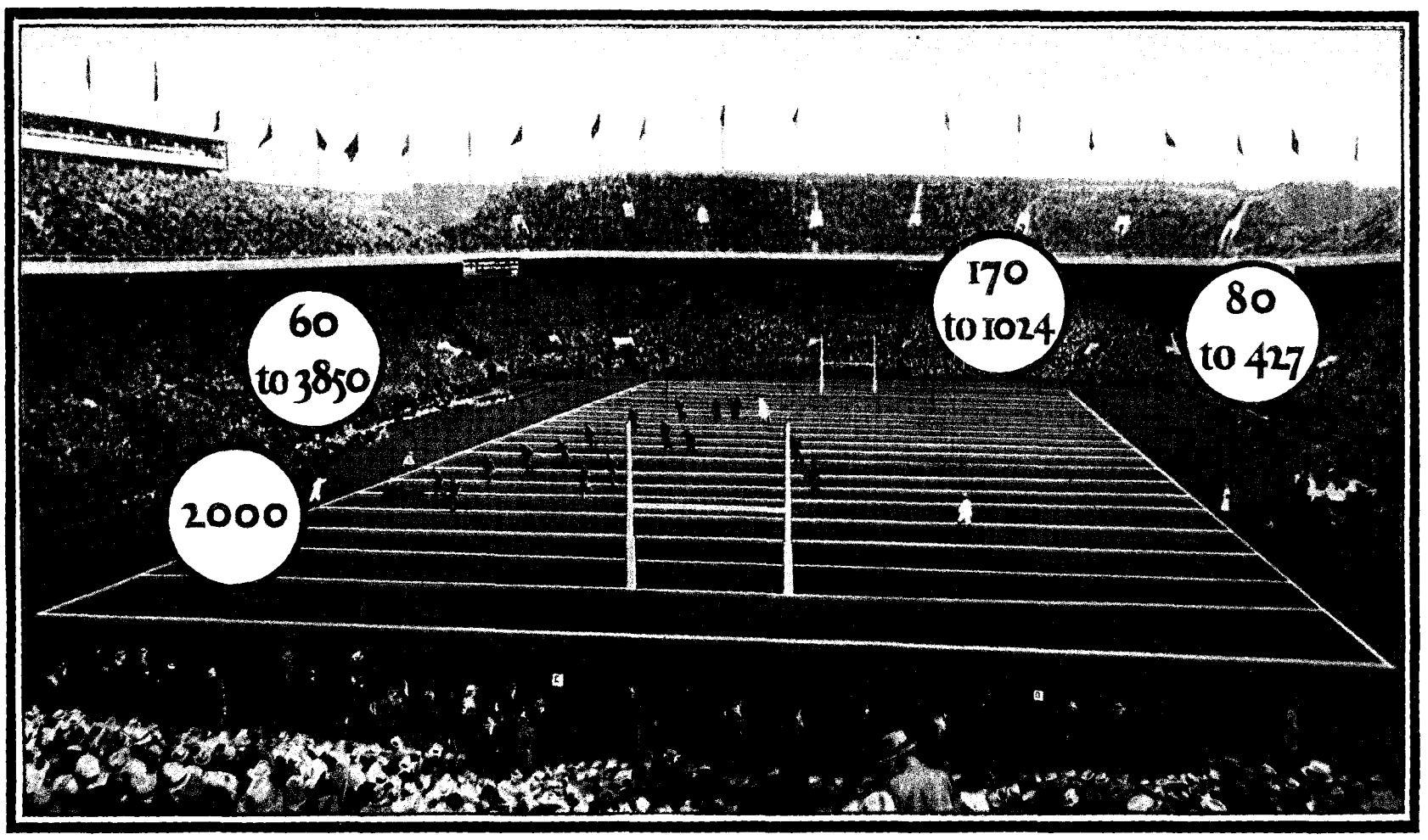
Eveready

give faithful, accurate reproduction

Natural, truly enjoyable reception



THE very first time you hear the new Eveready Radio Sets you will know that here is extraordinary faithful performance. To listen is to be convinced. But your ears are not your only guide. We show you the Eveready Fidelity Curve, which is the record of laboratory tests. Delicate scientific instruments were used to measure the fidelity of the receiver. Marvelous though it is, the human ear is not nearly so sensitive as these laboratory instruments, which reveal with super-human accuracy exactly how Eveready Radio Sets reproduce each musical note. To the ear these receivers perform with convincing reality.

Compare the Eveready Fidelity Curve with the illustration of the football game and you will understand why these sets sound so natural. The referee's shrill whistle produces a vibration in the air at the rate of about 2000 times a second.

Look on the Curve and you will see that 2000 is reproduced with about 95% fidelity. In the men's voices from the cheering sections are vibrations from about 80 to 427 per second; in the co-ed section, from 170 to 1024; in the bands, from 60 to 3850. Match these sounds against the Eveready Fidelity Curve and you will know that football games will come to you through Eveready Radio Sets with unusual realism.

Now you can understand why these new receivers make such a deep impression upon the ear—why they satisfy the critical—why they give unusual pleasure. Many people who hear these receivers say, "I wish my set sounded like that." These receivers were built not merely to please the ears of their designers, but to please all ears by giving faithful, realistic reproduction of the original.

Go to your dealer and see the new Eveready Radio Sets. There are two types, one supplied with socket power, the other operated by batteries. Either may be used with any good speaker, but to hear Eveready reproduction at its best, use the new Eveready Loud Speaker.

Your dealer will show you all these instruments. He also will open for your inspection a unique booklet, illustrating and describing the orchestra and band instruments, and showing by the Eveready Fidelity Curve how faithfully and realistically they are reproduced by Eveready Radio Sets.

Go to your dealer today, and see and hear these remarkable new receivers.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York — San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
Radio Sets

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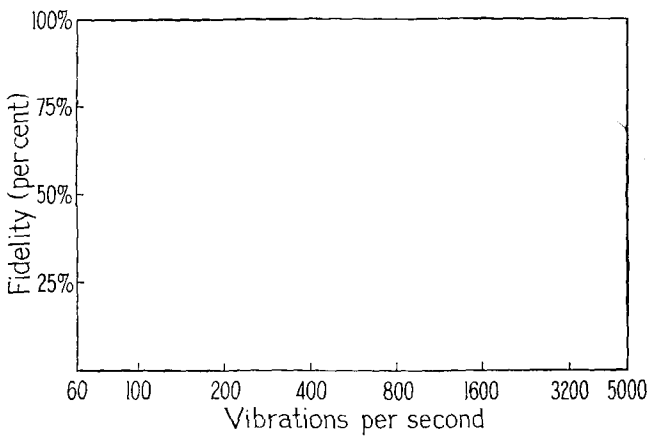
Radio Sets

[illegible] Eveready Fidelity Curve

distinguishes these unusual new receivers

[illegible]ady

[illegible]ady

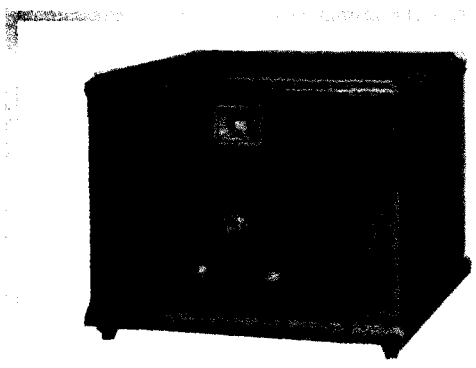


MUSIC and speech are vibration, and by scientific measurement it has been found that the important sounds in voice and music are included within a scale of 60 to 5000 vibrations per second. This includes not only the fundamental notes but also most of the important harmonics of these notes. See on the Eveready Fidelity Curve (above) that from 60 to 4000 vibrations per second are reproduced with an unusually high degree of fidelity. The weakening of the notes above 4000 minimizes the disagreeable effects of static and other high pitched noises. Very few notes go below 100 vibrations per second, and 60 is the lowest limit in broadcasting.

This Curve shows the faithfulness with which the Eveready Radio Sets deliver speech and music to the speaker. It is essential that the speaker possess a high degree of faithfulness, for to the extent to which it may be deficient will the full measure of Eveready fidelity be diminished. The Eveready Speaker is recommended.

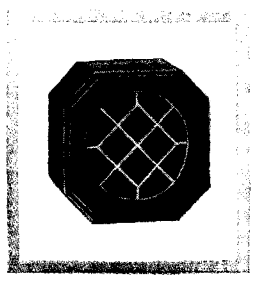
Below is a list of all the principal instruments and voices, with their lowest and highest notes in vibrations per second.

Violin	192 to 3856	Saxophones	52 to 1024
Viola	126 to 1280	French Horn	60 to 682
Cello	64 to 854	Cornets	140 to 960
Bass	32 to 427	Trombone	80 to 320
Harp	30 to 3072	Tuba	42 to 341
Flute	256 to 2048	Kettle Drums	85 to 170
Piccolo	570 to 4096	Piano	78 to 4096
Oboe	240 to 1365	Soprano	256 to 1024
English Horn	160 to 960	Contralto	170 to 682
Clarinet	144 to 1920	Tenor	144 to 427
Bassoon	60 to 640	Baritone	107 to 341
Double Bassoon	30 to 320	Bass	80 to 288



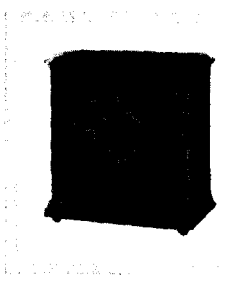
The new Eveready Battery Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 21 in mahogany, illustrated above. Model No. 20 in maple. Has the lowest "B" battery drain of any 6-tube receiver yet produced, as five of its tubes are "High-Mu," combining great amplifying power with minimum current.

Price of either table model (without tubes) $85. Eveready Speaker to match, $30. Pedestal (for maple only) with ample battery space, $15 extra.



At left, the new Eveready Loud Speaker in die-cast aluminum housing, decorated in green lacquer, with natural aluminum striping, to match the Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2. Price $35.

At right, the new Eveready Loud Speaker. Model No. 3 in mahogany—to match either the AC or Battery mahogany sets. Model No. 1 in maple—to match either the AC or Battery maple sets. Either the maple or the mahogany Loud Speakers, $25.



Die-Cast Aluminum Cabinets

The most modern of radio cabinets — die-cast aluminum. Cabinet is everlasting, light, strong and is lacquered in green in a modern design with striping that reveals the aluminum like burnished silver; the whole protected by a transparent lacquer that prevents discoloration and resists scratching. This unusually beautiful and entirely modern cabinet is exclusive with Eveready.

The new Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2, in die-cast aluminum cabinet, lacquered in green with striping in silvery natural aluminum.

Models No. 1, 2 and 3 have seven radio tubes and one rectifier, eight in all. All power is taken from the light socket.

Price, table model No. 2, without tubes, $155. Die-cast aluminum supporting stand, finished to match the set, at $20 extra.

The new Eveready AC Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 1 in maple—to obtain pleasing color contrast with mahogany or walnut furniture; also appropriate for association with Colonial and Early American furniture. Model No. 3 in mahogany—for those who prefer it. Price, table model without tubes—either maple or mahogany—$145.

Supporting stand to match, to convert table models into end-tables, $10 extra.

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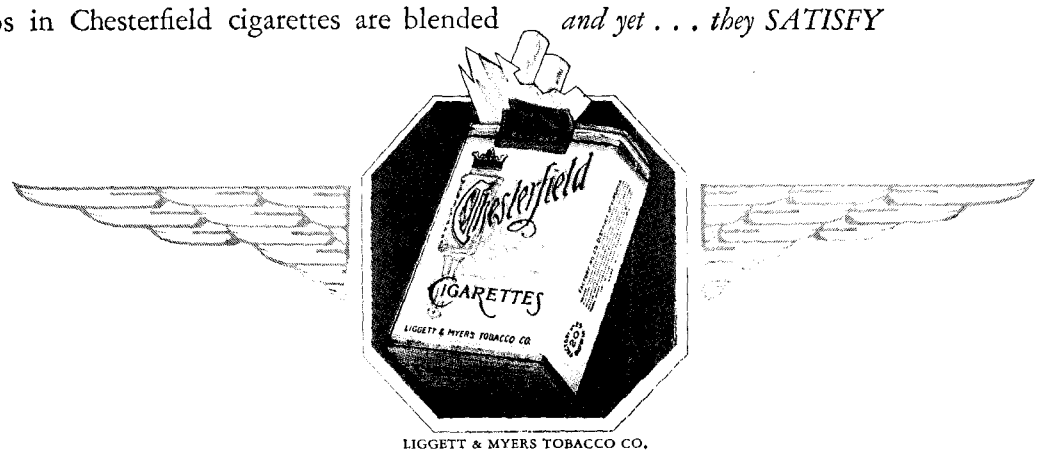
SHE—*I've checked the list... parachutes... coffee. sandwiches...*
HE—*And cigarettes .. don't forget the Chesterfields!*

Chesterfield cigarettes are mild... not strong or harsh. Chesterfield cigarettes have character . . . they are not insipid or tasteless.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and cross-blended in a different way from other cigarettes and *the blend can't be copied!*

They are MILD . . . yes, mild enough for anybody . . . and yet . . . they SATISFY



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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Mail from the Moon

Continued from page 9

like this, with the clouds beginning where the fog leaves off, nullifies the plan.

The Dean figures that with his reduced ground speed he is only in the vicinity of Sunbury, where the Susquehanna forks into its east and west branches like a gnarled old grapevine trunk.

He must begin to prepare for Woodward Pass, the cut through a turbulent sea of rock billows breaking 2,500 feet or more into the air. It's marked with eight beacons in ten miles. He'd feel most comfortable with their tops 2,000 feet below him. That means 4,500 feet above sea level on his altimeter. He shall try. He bucks up a long runway of air, and the stout ship and motor plunge into the gale at 4,500 feet. Immediately he feels it is too much for them. And the air is so rough it is impossible to maintain a compass bearing. Reluctantly he noses down until, at 2,900, he senses better headway. Now he calls upon every faculty to hold that precious few hundred feet of clear margin!

Suddenly it seems as if a giant hand reaches out of the air above, takes hold of the Douglas, and presses it earthward with stomach-turning swiftness. An air pocket. The Dean quietly works to remaster the balance of the ship. His eyes do not waver from the instruments.

The ship fetches up level with a wrench. The Dean watches the lagging altimeter stop at 2,600. Good Lord, that downward current of air has snatched three hundred feet of life-giving altitude in a veritable breath.

The Dean draws his stick, and starts to climb back to safety, when he is caught in another swirling, crazy, rushing cataract of wind. Down—down—

Jump! There's no thought of it in the Dean's mind. Like most men of the air mail he feels a keen responsibility for his cargo, for the costly ship. If you stick with your ship you can at least control the crack-up, provided, of course, your ship is intact. There are times when anyone has to jump. But those times are rare. Most air-mail men have never faced them. And most air-mail men have contempt for mates who have too quick recourse to the parachute.

A Flick from the Finger of Eternity

The Dean's one thought is to keep control of the ship until the downward pressure stops, as he knows it inevitably will. No so-called air pocket extends clear to the ground. Where it strikes the earth, it deflects along the surface, forming a cushion.

Another wrench, a wobbling and strumming, and he has the might of the Liberty and the strength of the struts in hand again, and once more fights up. He has no definite idea where he is, but a very definite notion that wherever he is he isn't half high enough. Then there comes a break in the soup, and on a ridge swept clean by wind the Dean sees the close-set beacons of Woodward Pass—*above* him! Almost in the same moment he feels the slightest scrape on his right wing tip. In something less than a thousandth part of a second he steers left. A dark mass looms on his right side; and another eddy of fog swirls around, blotting the beacons from his sight.

Already he has felt a flick from the finger of eternity. Now he is flying blind within a hundred feet, perhaps within a hundred inches, of the mountains. Calmly he keeps swinging slightly to the left of the line of beacons as he visualized them in that one glance, keeps his stick back, and gives the ship gas to its limit.

Another gust that makes the struts hum, and another rift. The beacons are dropping away over the right cowling. He's clear.

Presently he sails over another opening in the low clouds and spots Bellefonte, the halfway field. Expecting his passage, no doubt worried because he is late, the ground men have switched on the floodlights. It is a comforting sight. The Dean rests his chin on the cowling, and smiles down upon it. He snaps his running lights on and off. That's howdy in the air mail.

The Last Hour

The Dean is pleased to note that no red fuses are burning. One would indicate bad weather ahead. Two would be an order to come down. The Dean yawns.

The last hour. The Dean sails out from the last of the cloudbanks into smooth air over a land newly washed by rain, glistening in a soft, remote way under full moonlight.

He relaxes and gives himself utterly to contemplation of the lovely scene.

Night flying under any circumstances is mysterious. The Dean is not psychic, nor superstitious; but he has known swift, elusive moments of strange nearness to the eternal mystery. Sailormen, plunging over black seas, share this communion. There is an unearthly detachment to the air at night; a muted whispering, a fluttering of things and sounds that the eye cannot see, nor the ear hear, nor the touch find. And flying under a full moon intensifies all these things. It is an airman's ultimate reward.

There isn't a quiver now to Ship 31. Even the motor roar, overwhelmed by the cosmic silence, seems to melt into remoteness—an illusion the Dean has often noticed. The Ohio landscape, under the full moon, is as plainly etched as in noon daylight, but immeasurably softened. The farming land is a crazy quilt, hemstitched by snake fences, drawn over the sleeping world. The rivers and brooks are bright loose threads caught in its mellow map. There is no sight of human activity to mar the spell. The true sense of floating, that comes but rarely to air riders, lulls the Dean into a revery through which the landscape slips poignant as a remembered dream.

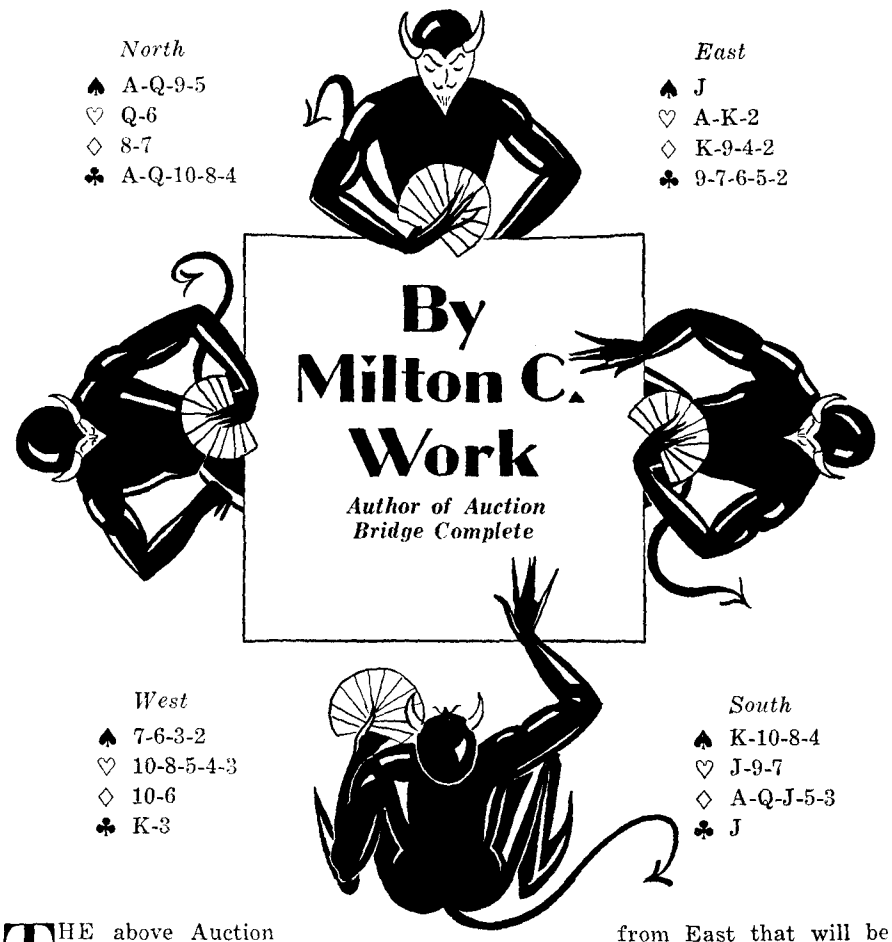
Presently, with a long slow sweep, the Dean's awareness returns. He shakes himself and blinks upon a beacon whose brilliance has been pilfered by the moon. He sees innumerable black dots—suburban housetops. He glances off through the right wing tips, and sees tall shapes serrating a black horizon, the tallest poking pallid streamers aloft. Cleveland. A dream city on a phantom sea.

Now the floodlighted municipal airport, ten miles beyond the city, is slipping under his nose.

He sets Ship 31 on the ground in the gentle way for which he is famous in the service, and taxies to the side of the relay ship. Members of the ground crew are swarming over his plane in a jiffy. The Dean climbs out and stretches.

"Hey, Dean," hails the night chief mechanic of the NAT's Cleveland hangar, "this wing tip is full of green stains and twigs. Have you been trying to push over some trees?" But the Dean is already strolling into the Operations Office. (*Continued on page 34*)

How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge Hand was given in last week's issue of Collier's; the description follows.

The Auction

South opened with one Diamond, about which there can be little question; his hand has not the Spade strength to justify bidding a four-card suit, the singleton Club bars No Trump and the hand is too strong to pass.

West passes; and North has a choice between one No Trump, one Spade and two Clubs. The Club bid would not picture the full strength of the hand. The Spade would be a shade bold because there always is a risk in bidding a four-card Major headed by Ace-Queen after partner has bid a Minor. Partner holding three of the Major may let it stand; and the six cards of it held by the adversaries may be so divided as to prove disagreeable. The only danger for a No Trump bid is the Heart suit; but the chances are that South, who has bid, has a Heart holding which, with North's Queen and one, will at least stop the suit. Therefore North bid one No Trump and obtained the bid.

The Play

East, leading against North's No Trump, opens his five-card Club suit.

North wins West's King of Clubs with the Ace, and to try the Diamond finesse leads a small Diamond to trick 2, and takes the finesse in the Dummy (South) hand. When it wins, the obvious and rudimentary play is to put Closed Hand in with a Spade, so that the Diamond finesse can be tried a second time; and this happens. Everything has been quite normal until East drops the Jack of Spades on trick 3, clearly indicating that he has no more Spades. That being the case, East can be forced to three discards if North leads three more Spades immediately.

At this stage of the game Declarer can be sure that he will take three Clubs, four Spades, and at least two Diamonds, so game is absolutely safe and it may be that by completely changing his plan of campaign and running the four Spades he will obtain discards from East that will be helpful. Consequently, instead of leading another Diamond from the Closed Hand to trick 4, Declarer proceeds (tricks 4 to 6) to lead three Spades, arranging it so that he wins trick 6 in the Closed Hand (North).

This produces havoc in the East hand. On trick 4 East can part with the Deuce of Hearts without serious damage. To trick 5 he lets go the Deuce of Clubs; but when it comes to a discard on trick 6 he has to unguard his Nine of Clubs, which will be expensive if North has the Ten and Eight in addition to the Queen which East knows is in the North hand. But East dare not part with a Diamond, so he takes the chance that West originally held some support for his King of Clubs, and discards a second Club on trick 6—a natural play but a fatal one.

Declarer then on tricks 7, 8, 9 and 10 leads four good Clubs and discards three Hearts and one Diamond from Dummy. On tricks 7 and 8 East follows, but trick 9 is most embarrassing. Once again he dare not part with a Diamond; consequently he most unwillingly discards his King of Hearts.

Then comes the thirteenth Club led to trick 10. East now discards his Ace of Hearts, which enables North gayly to lead the Queen of Hearts to trick 11, and then a Diamond to trick 12 for the second Diamond finesse; and the Ace of Diamonds from Dummy to trick 13 produces a Grand Slam.

Next week's hand is given below; it is a rubber game and neither side has a score. Make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. K-10-8-5-4-2	S. 9
H. 7-5-2	H. A-K-Q-J-10-3
D. 5-2	D. 10-9-8
C. 9-4	C. 8-6-3
South	*West*
S. A-Q	S. J-7-6-3
H. 8-6-4	H. 9
D. A-K-Q-J	D. 7-6-4-3
C. A-K-Q-J	C. 10-7-5-2

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Get Out Your Scissors

MAYBE it's luck; maybe it's skill that produces a successful Colliergraph. Anyway the method is a cinch. And it's no mean fun (or maybe it is!) caricaturing your friends or what-all. Maybe it'll be worth $5 to you, too. Here are some good ones:

"Calvin Coolidge," by W. Butler, 313 Unruh St., Lawndale, Philadelphia, Pa.

By W. W. Stout, 1120 R. I. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

By Maurice A. Sherman, 1141 S. Francisco Ave., Chicago, Ill.

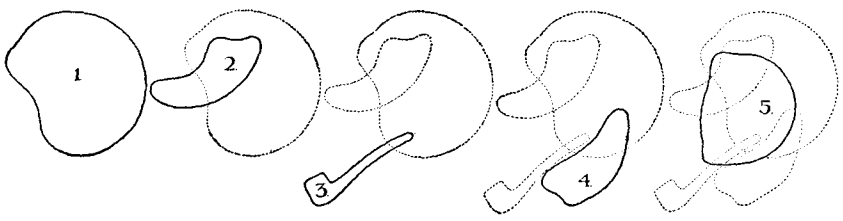
By Olive A. Jordan, 56 Lincoln Ave., Newark, N. J.

By C. D. Hanley, 639 W. 207th St., New York City.

"Woodrow Wilson," by Mrs. J. F. Mamber, 21 Hammond Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

By Ann G. Henderson, Wormleysburg, Pa.

By Mrs. Geo. Berlet, 1409 Indiana, Houston, Tex.

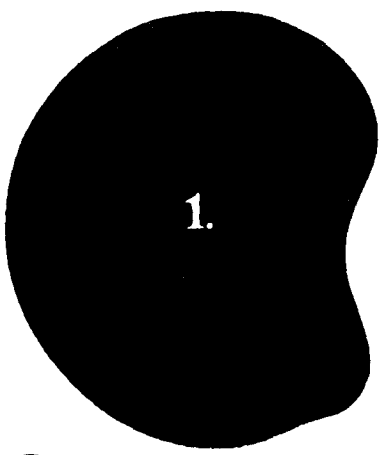


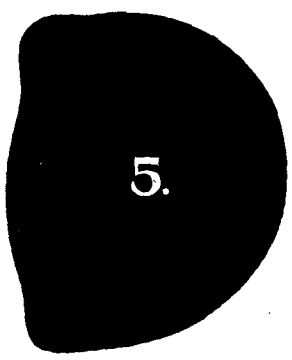
How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. Shift them around until you have a Colliergraph that pleases you. Paste them in position, after

tracing around them so you won't lose the outline. You can cut duplicates of the figures from any piece of paper and make innumerable funny pictures.

Here are the pieces—cut them out





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Each for Those Published

When you've achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If it's printed we'll send you $5. But remember, you must have the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper.

Mail from the Moon

Continued from page 33

"Hello, Dean, been doing any fishing lately?" The pilot who is to take the mail on to Chicago is slinging on his parachute.

"Yep. Down to Beach Haven since my last turn." The Dean signs his registered mail over as he talks. "Say, somebody ought to write a story about these deep-sea fishing skippers. It beats me how they find their way in the fog."

"Great, ain't it?" says the Chicago pilot, waddling out to his ship.

The Dean is back at the airport at noon. On his night trip he had brought out the Chicago mail. Now he is to bear the transcontinental mail which had left the Pacific Coast the previous afternoon, on its final lap. Then—three days' fishing before his next turn.

W. L. Smith, division superintendent, comes up to the Dean, accompanied by a rather pale man.

"Dean, I've got a passenger for you today."

Always Glad to Have a Passenger

The NAT Cleveland-Hadley planes can carry one passenger, mail and weather permitting, as a special accommodation, although not designed for the purpose. And the Dean is always glad to have a passenger, being strongly endowed with the pioneer's urge to instill his own faith into his fellow men. He shakes hands cordially. The prospective passenger seems disposed to get him aside; finally he has a chance, and confides in a low tone:

"I've never flown before, Mr. Smith, but my wife is ill in New York and I must get to her the fastest way."

"So? That's too bad. Well, we ought to make a fast trip today."

"Did you—have you—it isn't a dangerous day, is it?" the man blurts.

The Dean's large, strangely grave, strangely calm, eyes search out the man's face kindly. "No, sir. Quite the contrary."

"What did you do before you took up flying, Mr. Smith?"—timidly.

"I've never had any other profession."

"What! A man near his thirties, who has never had any work but aviation? That's a little difficult for a middle-aged man like myself to realize."

The Dean grins: "I'm 28. But there are older fellows than I who have never worked at anything but flying."

The Dean helps him adjust his parachute, makes him comfortable in the front cockpit with his feet on the mail sacks, and explains:

"This parachute's mostly an ornament, just like life preservers on ships. But all ships carry posters showing you how to adjust the preserver in case of trouble, and so it shouldn't make you nervous if I just tell you that if you do have to jump give yourself time to fall clear, and then pull this ring on your right breast, here. The parachute takes care of the rest; it's fool-proof. But remember, don't jump under any circumstances unless I tell you to. And if it will make you feel better to know it, I've carried thousands of passengers, and flown hundreds of thousands of miles, and I've never had to tell anyone to jump, or to jump myself."

The Dean climbs at once to 5,000, then glances ahead around his windshield to see how his passenger is taking it. The man's hands are clenching the cowling so that his knuckles show white.

The Dean steadies the stick between his knees, fishes a bit of paper and a pencil from his coat, and scribbles a note. He bangs on the cowling to attract the passenger's attention and passes the paper to him.

The passenger reads:

"Relax. You'll make yourself airsick. Look down over the country and enjoy yourself. You won't get dizzy. There are no lines of perspective to draw you earthward as on the edge of a high building or mountain."

The passenger turns and smiles gratefully at the Dean. His hands leave the cowling. Presently he is looking with interest over the countryside, through a pair of goggles the NAT lent him. The Dean then sends up another note:

"The air is unusually smooth today. There is a high-pressure area here, following the recent stormy low pressure. Weather moves from west to east, in general, you know.

The Dean enjoys passengers. He has seen them frightened—strong men so near to fainting they scarcely had strength to climb into the cockpit. Invariably, at journey's end, he has seen them relieved, smiling, converted. And he likes to send them notes. The very fact that one can write easily and legibly in a plane in flight—much more legibly and steadily than in a moving railroad train—nerves them a lot. And they learn that there is less constant motion to a plane than to an automobile—that stretches of rough air are as inevitable as stretches of rough highway; less dangerous, less wearing on the machine—and far less trying to riders.

The Dean scribbles:

"We should reach Hadley in slightly more than three hours. The record for the trip is 2 hours 14 minutes, held by Earl Ward."

Hello, what does the crowd of automobiles around that hill farmhouse, outside Pittsville, mean? The Dean remembers that in a recent session of "ground flying" at Hadley, someone told of seeing a funeral from that house. The air-mail pilots love to gossip about the goings-on along their routes. They watch for every change, for new buildings, additions to old, fences, lightning rods, fires; and speculate upon marriages, christenings, and the like.

The Dean settles to his own satisfaction, finally, that this is a country auction; sequel to the funeral.

Here's Clarion, on the Clarion River, with its emergency landing field and its town clock.

Over Mountains, Meadows and Forests

On through the drowsy afternoon. The ground is tumbling high under the plane again; long green ridges, like the breakers of a congealed ocean.

Over the mountains in earnest, now; harder, scrubbier ground. Pretty difficult to scratch a living from it, the Dean reflects, watching farmers turn over hay in their meadows so that it may dry out after the rain. Long, wide stretches of unbroken upland forests where here and there a yellow road coils through the trees, looking to the Dean as a copperhead in the grass might look to a boy in a tree.

The Dean sends another note:

"Look ahead over the right side, and you'll see Bellefonte airport. Want to go down for a drink, a rest, or something?"

The passenger smilingly signals no.

Woodward again! The Dean makes a wry face, and suddenly decides that he wants to fly higher. There is a broken ceiling of cumulus at 6,000. The Dean darts upward through a cream puff, to give his passenger a thrill. The Douglas gets a punch in the nose on entering it, a kick in the tail on leaving it, after the way of clouds.

The Dean's weather chart told him

(*Continued on page 36*)

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For 1929, a New and Greater Line of Heavy-Duty Trucks

—and Ready Now!

International Harvester has engineered a remarkable line of Heavy-Duty models—engineered to the most modern truck standards—completely new, and on view now, in advance of the new year.

Five Forward Speeds in all models, and *Four-Wheel Brakes* on all models, provide the New International Heavy-Duty Line with the essential triple combination of *great pulling power, speed for the straight-away, and the ability to stop!*

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A woman in New York says her husband tried to poison her by putting gasoline in her wine. But perhaps he was only trying to improve the taste of the wine.

What with baseball, football and the Presidential campaign over, most of us have been toughened up enough this year to survive the annual Christmas dinner with the relatives.

No matter how successful the gyroplane is, it is bound to have its ups and downs.

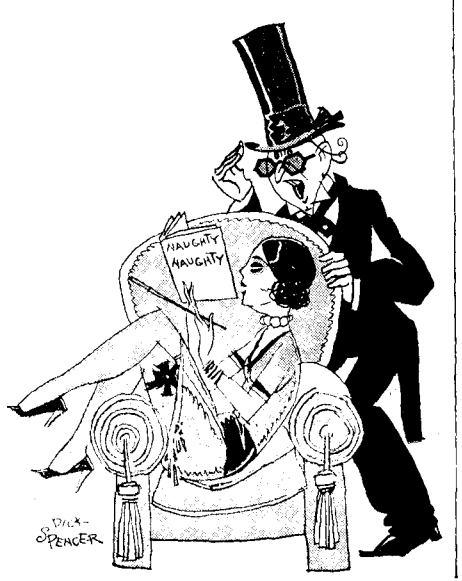
There's a future for some bridge expert who will teach us in ten lessons how to play with our wives.

One of the great problems before the most pampered of our younger generation is to know which home to be sick for.

Even the silent drama couldn't keep silent.

According to a recent estimate, in Chicago a man's life is valued at $5. But it is understood that in groups of five or more there will be a material reduction.

The way to take the conceit out of a reformer is to set him to the job of reforming his own family.



Mail from the Moon

Continued from page 31

there would be strong southwest winds at 7,000, with an abrupt shift to northwest about 9,000. He plans to take advantage of these to look over the country. He levels off at 7,000, a thousand feet above the clouds. Here is the air traveler's big chance of observing beauty. Landscapes grow pretty dreary from the air, after a while, offering scant variety. The perspective flattens, and rolling country loses its character. Houses are without distinction when only the roofs are seen; like looking down upon the derbies of a crowd of statesmen. Barns are equally fair to the bird's eye. Some rivers are attractive; deep ones. Shallow waterways are mere streaks of scum and mud. Human figures on city pavements are ants; on tilled fields they blend, quite aptly, into the earth.

Cloudscapes Form Magical Scenery

But cloudscapes are different! They form a magical scenery unknown to the great race of earth dwellers. Why, the Dean remembers thunderheads a full mile in thickness. The earth remains the same, except for new billboards. But the Dean has seen cloudscapes sculptured by the winds into a hundred breath-taking vistas in a hundred minutes.

The air is crystal clear and reminds the Dean of his flying days on the Western stretches of the transcontinental. There, day after day, he bumped over the windy Rockies—16,000—18,000 feet up; and except for infrequent blizzards, there was no blind flying such as is almost the daily portion here.

The Dean always feels a bit homesick when things remind him of the Far West. Born in Oregon, educated in the prairie country, it was a matter of great pride to him when he was one of the two pilots who, in company, completed the transcontinental air mail route. There has been a bit of family drama in it, too: His grandmother, Mrs. Andrew J. Harris, who had gone to Oregon in a covered wagon, lived to greet him.

The Dean sighs. A gap frames Wilkesbarre far off to the northwest up the Susquehanna east branch. The visibility must be a hundred miles up here today. He has drifted quite a piece, without losing forward speed; but now he must rise and drift the other way across his airline. He ascends to 9,000, and is swept by the contrary wind southeastward across the general line of the Lehigh River Valley and the anthracite regions.

An inhospitable stretch for air riders, those coal fields; for miles the only breaks in the great forests are the slag heaps at colliery mouths centered in a huddle of squalid houses, gray streets. It always depresses the Dean to fly over the mines and think of the poor devils sweating and scratching a living out as far below the ground as he is above it. It gives him an unwholesome feeling to know that men shovel in the bowels of the earth.

The Dean's thoughts are rudely invaded. His ear has caught a chilling sound; a sputter, a skip. Without warning the motor is beginning to cut out. It runs in spurts. The passenger, sensing something amiss, looks around. The Dean smiles and waves a reassurance.

He switches his gas supply to the opposite wing tank. The sputtering increases. Finally he runs on his gravity tank, the last-resort fuel supply in the top center of the plane. But the missing grows worse—

Comparing altimeter and clock the Dean sees that he is losing altitude at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute. He is dropping swiftly through the clouds, knowing full well that below them stretch miles of uninhabited, snake-infested mountain tops and thicket-choked ravines.

The Dean sees a large field on a mountain top that looks good. He coasts down scant inches over the treetops. Then, as quickly as it had started to miss, the motor jumps back to full revolutions.

The Dean faces a hairline decision. Several facts burn his mind. The soft ground will mire him up to the axles once the ship comes to a stop; he won't be able to take off again until the field dries out. From this remote place he'll have to hike for help, get a wagon for his mail and passenger, and haul them to the nearest railroad station.

If he is to escape the trap he will have to do it now, before the wheels have fairly settled. But the high evergreen wall of the encircling forests is dangerously near. Can he possibly clear it without a washout? He decides he can. All this in the fragment of a second; then—

He shoves the gas throttle fully open and draws on the stick. But he has lost flying speed. The heavy machine is sagging. It's touch and go whether he can regain momentum enough to hold clear. The ship wobbles dangerously. The Dean manipulates the stick with veteran skill, as the trees swim closer. The wheels graze the mud, spin madly, escape—and the plane leaps almost vertically on the wind. The Dean glances back and has a fleeting impression of green and black fragments scudding in his wake where he nipped the treetops.

Presently, on the way to Hadley once more with the Liberty humming beautifully, he writes to the passenger:

"Dirt or water in the gas. But it has all cleared up. Never was any danger of course. Could have made an easy landing. You'll be in New York before supper. You would not have reached there by train before tomorrow morning."

The Dean sees a mountain lake ahead with a dot on it; someone fishing from a boat. The Dean coasts down, leans out, waves. Two men in the boat wave back. Acting on sudden impulse the Dean banks within a hundred feet of the water, throttles down his motor, and yells:

"Any luck?"

A flash of silver displayed in the sun satisfies the Dean. He zooms away.

Golf Course Unlovely From Sky

Back to 4,000. Presently the Dean bangs on the cowling and points out an expanse of pock-marked ground below. The passenger stares at it, then questioningly at the Dean. The Dean makes motions, as best he can, of hitting a golf ball. The passenger catches on and grins. The Dean figures he is probably quite surprised that a golf course is so unlovely from the sky; a sick, disfigured countenance.

Golf courses always remind the Dean of Brownie—Pilot H. J. Brown, that is, who flies this route. Golf is to Brownie the passion that fishing is to the Dean. Brown knows every golf course between New York and Cleveland; he always flies low over them and waves to the players, who have come to know him.

Whenever he is late Maxwell, Nelson, Webster and the rest of the hangar gang ride him: "Been watching a golf tournament, Brownie?"

The passenger passes a note:

"What is that peculiar, regular formation of small stones and rocks straight below to the left?"

The Dean laughs and writes:

"That's a cemetery."

The passenger asks no more questions. They cross the Delaware, above Easton, at the junction of the Lehigh and Delaware rivers; hurdle the last of the mountains—the Muscenetcongs—and pursue the biplane's racing shadow across the rich farming land of New Jersey. The air is beautifully quiet. The Dean chuckles to see that his passenger is nodding.

Sleep Harder to Fight Than Gales

The Dean steadies the stick between his calves, and stands up in the cockpit, opening his shirt collar and stretching out his long arms to let the wind blow in. Lord, these summer afternoons are almost as trying as those winter nights when, huddled in a flying suit and warmed by the piped engine heat, he found sleep harder to fight than gales and sleet and snow. He remembers one bitter night when fog was forming ice on his wings and he had to punch his cheeks to keep awake. Finally he had to unbuckle himself and stand up, daring the icy wind in order to remain conscious. But no sooner had he sat down than he went to sleep again. Wasn't that the night he had fallen asleep while gliding down to a landing in Cleveland? Sure enough, the very night that the ice was still thawing from the wings of his ship after it had been four hours in the warm hangar. The fellows had figured there were eight hundred pounds of ice on the plane. . . .

The Dean sits down again, bored. The backwash of a working day and night of high tension is sweeping over him. With Hadley looming in sight ahead he slumps against the cockpit and wishes he could escape from the rut of commercial flying. It is a rut, after ten years. Three quarters of a million miles; thousands of hours; as much time in the air as any living man. He wishes he'd get a chance to do something out of the ordinary.

This same thing week in and week out grows deadly. Fly to Cleveland; fly back to Hadley. Nothing much ever happens. The country is so slow in taking to the air that it is painful to a flyer who has visions. Was all adventure, all romance, gone out of life for such a young fellow? The Dean's eyes are heavy as he noses down to land, his manner as bored as a business man closing his desk after a dull day.

He lands. The passenger awakens and looks around foolishly as the Dean taxies toward the hangar. This gives the Dean a final chuckle.

There is a trim young man running toward the approaching ship. The Dean knows that will be Anderson, chief mechanic of the NAT day crew. Fine lad, Anderson. Salt of the service, he and the clean-cut young fellows like him who are coming out of army training schools to form the pillars on which commercial aviation is being raised.

The Dean climbs out wearily.

"Dean! Dean!"

"Hello, Anderson." The Dean speaks with an effort. He is at fag end.

"Oh, Dean, I've got a telegram for you."

The Dean opens it indifferently, reads it. It is from an intimate friend. And the Dean's tired feeling slides from his shoulders with his parachute straps. For this is what he reads:

"Commander Byrd is going to take an air pilot on his South Pole Expedition and he wants to talk to you. . . ."

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Don't get fooled by old King Winter~
he hasn't run out of snowstorms.
Don't listen to the Devil Indifference
when he says "Oh, leave your WEEDS at home."

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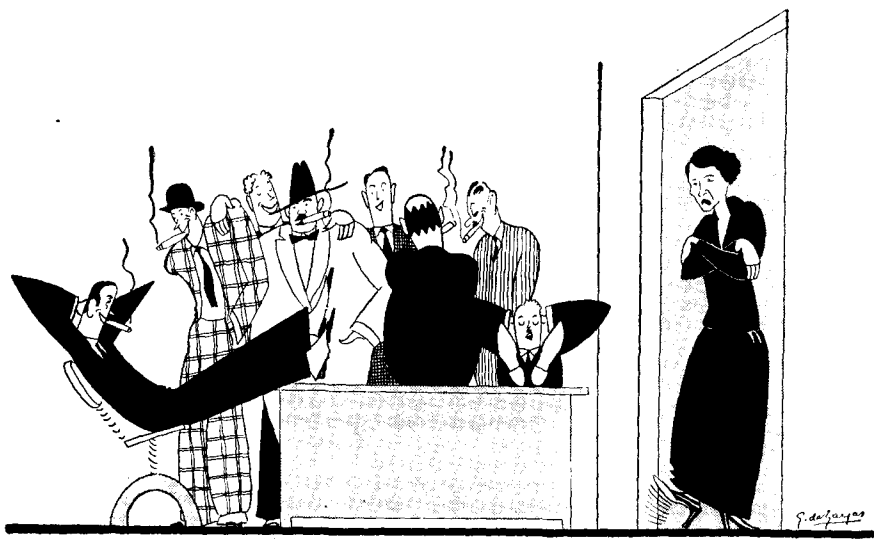

The Serious Sex

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK, the widow of Senator Medill McCormick, is going to be a power in the Republican politics of Illinois. Sooner or later she will certainly be United States senator from that state. She may some day be its boss.

She will be these things because she is just about twice as efficient in politics as any man in Illinois. I almost said as any man in Republican politics anywhere in this country.

Remember how, when coeducation was such a fad a few years ago, the girl students at the colleges took most of the high honors from their boy classmates? It wasn't that they were smarter. They took the job of going through college seriously and worked at it.

Well, that is the story of Ruth Hanna McCormick. When coeducation was established in politics by the Nineteenth Amendment, she took the job of learning politics twice as seriously as any man did and she worked at it several times as hard. The result is that already she is one of the half dozen people who count in Illinois politics.

Of course she has very great advantages, advantages that few women and few men enjoy. She has wealth, wealth enough of her own, inherited from her father, Mark Hanna, to defray the costs of a political career. And besides there is the wealth of her late husband.

Second, she belongs to the family that owns The Chicago Tribune, the most powerful newspaper in Illinois. Her husband was one of the grandsons of old Joseph Medill, who built up and edited The Tribune. This Tribune connection is obviously one of great value. It gives her an advantage over almost everyone else in the state.

A Passion for Politics

But neither wealth nor The Tribune connection would make much difference if Mrs. McCormick had not a passion for politics. Politics is to her what love is to some women and what social climbing is to other women. It occupies her mind 90 per cent of the time.

She cares nothing for society in the accepted sense of the word. Her friends are politicians and writers about politics. And she is not interested in politics merely as a spectacle, something to gossip about, as so many women in Washington are. She is interested in politics as something to do.

As Mark Hanna's daughter she probably gained an early insight into politics. As Medill McCormick's wife, she learned more about politics in a practical way. She wasn't green when she began. And she brings to a political career energy and application, which no man devotes to politics, and the backing of a very powerful newspaper.

Senator Weller of Maryland used to say, "When I entered politics I found politicians only about 25 per cent efficient. I made myself 50 per cent efficient. That was enough for success." Well, Mrs. McCormick comes as near as is humanly possible to being 100 per cent efficient.

Her Only Extravagance

Outside of politics she has nothing but her farm and her children that interests her. She lives in the country and maintains a fine herd of Holstein cattle. Those cattle are her only extravagance, except politics.

From her country home after the death of her husband she set out to organize the women of Illinois. That was several years ago. She had the sense which few women in politics have, that the way to begin is at the bottom, and that nothing will make you important in the political world but the control of votes.

The fruit of the patient industry with which she organized the women of Illinois is an election to Congress as congressman-at-large from Illinois. She is the first woman to be nominated and elected to be congressman-at-large from one of the big and important states.

Politically she is secure. So long as Illinois continues to elect some of its congressmen by state-wide vote Mrs. McCormick with her organized women behind her can be renominated and reelected. If the state is redistricted and the places at large are done away with, she can go out for and win the nomination for the House from the district in which her farm is located.

Meanwhile, having demonstrated that she need ask no odds of a man opponent in a state-wide election, she is a very probable candidate for United States senator from Illinois. She has an old score to settle with Senator Deneen, who beat her husband for renomination to the Senate four years ago. Two years from now she may go out and take Deneen's job away from him.

It will depend. If Deneen appears a strong candidate to succeed himself two years from now, Mrs. McCormick will not make a contest against him. She won't endanger her political career for the sake of the personal satisfaction of beating him. But if Deneen looks weak!

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 18

that a dozen fire engines from Kensington came rushing past the park. Then at last the telephone tinkled, and I took off the spare receiver.

"Superintendent Cassells speaking."

"Inspector Bloor. Go ahead."

"I took a small force down to the assistance of our men, and surrounded Eldon Street as directed. We broke into the house simultaneously from the back and front. A few minutes after we entered there was an explosion. There's very little left of the house, and the next two are on fire."

"Any of our men hurt?"

"P. C. Harrison killed. Sergeant Rush, left arm blown off—on his way to hospital. A few burns among the rest."

"What was it? Dynamite?"

"A timed machine. Some of us heard the hissing. Harrison himself gave the alarm, and we just got clear. The house was deserted, sir, but it had been occupied within the last hour. Very luxuriously furnished. Heaps of books and three sets of private wireless—all destroyed."

"Keep the uninjured men down there," Bloor ordered. "Prepare a report, and be in my room at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

Bloor hung up the receiver.

"If I can't get Joseph first," he said fiercely, "we'll smash the gang. I'm going to treat them rough, and the old ladies of Whitehall can go to hell!"

I heard him with exultation. I knew perfectly well that night or day there would be no rest for me now until the day of reckoning between Joseph and myself had arrived.

I had my plans for the following morning, but they were all shattered before I had finished my breafast. By eleven o'clock I was in the train, bound for Breezeley. Martin Hews' message allowed me no room for protestation or argument. I sent a note to Bloor, received an entirely favorable report from the hospital concerning Rachel, and started off on my dreary mission.

I SEEMED fated to see Breezeley Mansion under awesome conditions, and this morning was no exception. I hurried from the station and broke into a brisk run as soon as I had reached the old cinder path, for there was no doubt whatever as to what was coming. There was one narrow cleft of clear sky between two great masses of purple black, sulphurous clouds. The first peal of thunder sounded as the door was opened before me. The second as I passed into the upstairs room. The lightning in zigzag flashes almost blinded me for a moment. Then the rumblings of fresh thunder began, and there was a moment's peace. The door was closed behind me and I advanced toward the table, but at my accustomed chair I stopped short in amazement. It seemed impossible that this cowering figure was the Martin Hews of my fears.

"Don't look at me as though I had gone out of my mind," he snapped, "and can't you realize that this house is a mass of electric wiring? We shall get no news, although I am expecting the most important telephone message of my life. We shall probably have all our alarms and communicating bells destroyed. Heaven knows what is going to happen to us."

There was a flash of lightning, another crash of thunder, and his head disappeared between his convulsively twitching hands. When he sat up he was a pitiful sight.

"Owston," he moaned, "you are seeing me in one of my weakest moments. I hate thunder. I have hated it all my life. It brings evil. Already there is trouble. Look!"

His tiny forefinger shot out toward the wall. Immediately opposite him was a small blank space. I remembered well the pastel that had hung there—a girl's face, a copy of a great master. "The Madonna of Deptford," Martin Hews had once called her.

"What's happened to your pastel?" I demanded.

"Gone in the night," he replied, with a little shiver. "Not a bell rang, not a key was turned. The room is impregnable, held in the bonds of the greatest power on earth—electricity. Yet look! It is gone in the night."

I glanced around the room.

"One never knows who is listening here," I hesitated.

HE LEANED over the table and touched a switch.

"The place is sound-proof now," he confided. "What was it you wanted to say?"

"Only something you'll probably turn me out of the house for," I answered. "I don't trust Minchin."

A week ago I knew very well how such a statement from me would have been received. Now he sat huddled up, the cruel glitter gone from his eyes. Fear lurked in their depths.

"You too," he muttered. "Beatrice said the same thing, and Minchin is the only other one who knows—Beatrice a prisoner in the hands of my enemy, and Minchin—"

His eyes wandered back to the wall. He looked at that blank space as though he saw there the writing of fate. As he gazed the lightning once more filled the room, and the thunder shook the house. His eyes seemed to grow large, like those of a frightened child. For the first time in my life I began to feel toward him as toward a human being.

"Have you had any trouble with Minchin, sir?" I asked.

"Yes," he acknowledged reluctantly. "He wants to buy a cottage over beyond Southend, and go there for week-ends. He wants to leave me for two days a week."

"Well, why not?" I questioned. "He could train another valet, couldn't he, sir, to take his place?"

Martin Hews shivered. He looked at me as though I had spoken sacrilege. The thunder muttered again, this time more distant. A great relief began to creep into his face.

"That's farther away," he exclaimed. "It's going. Look out of the northern window, Owston. Tell me which way the clouds are moving?"

I looked across the soggy waste of land upon which the blinding rain was spitting, across the Thames, to the nebulous country beyond.

"The storm is over," I reported. "The clouds are all passing southward and the rain has come."

He was a different man when I turned back into the room. He pointed to the cupboard let into the panel between two bookcases.

"Open it," he directed. "There is just a button to press."

I obeyed him. Inside was that wonderful collection of bottles, all sizes and all shapes, liqueurs I had never heard of, and a row of Venetian glass. "Give me some brandy," he demanded. "Choose something for yourself."

I gave him the brandy he asked for, and helped myself to a bottle of light-

(*Continued on page 40*)

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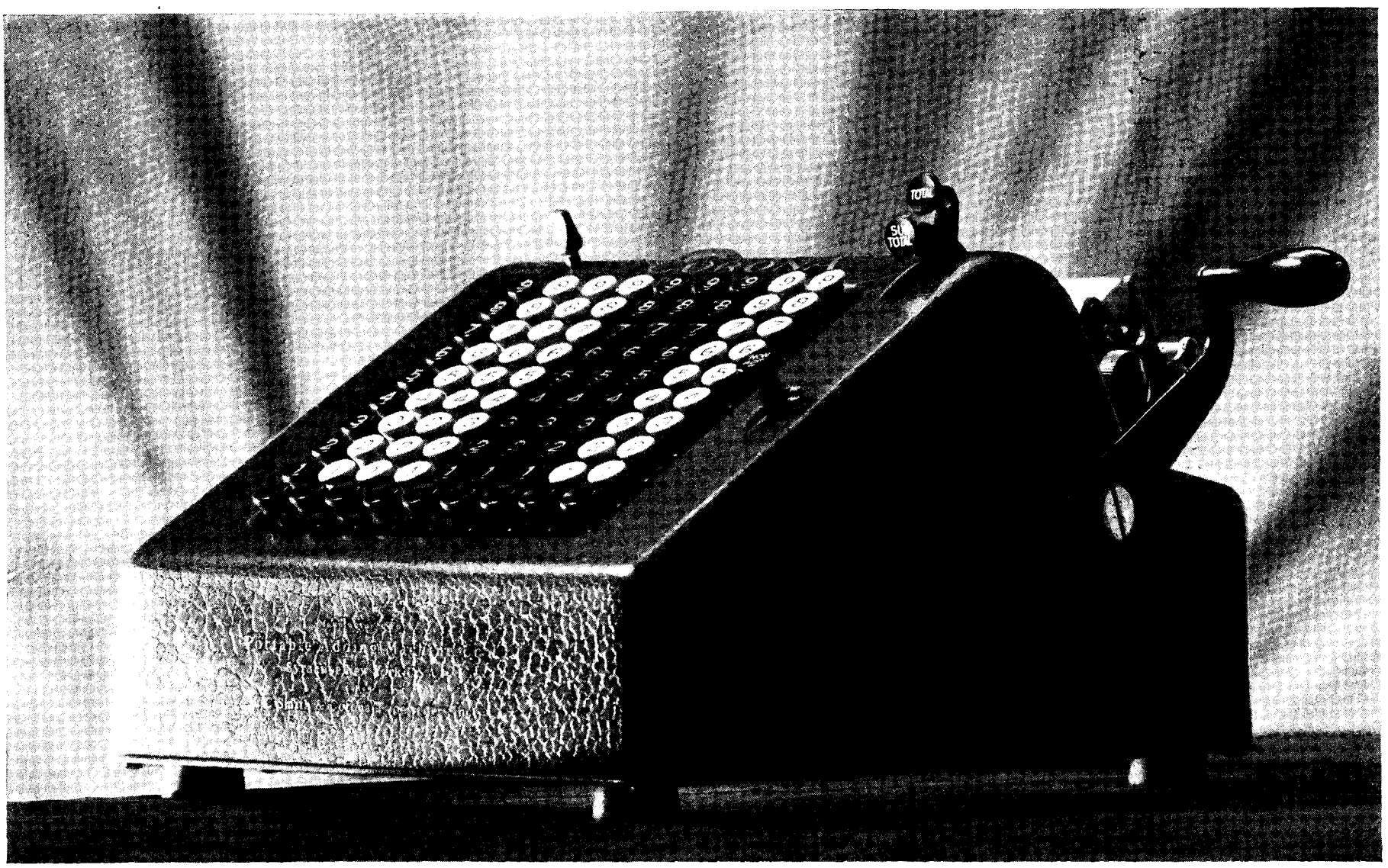

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COUPON: To secure a new CORONA for free trial in your own place of business, by your own operators, mail this coupon. No obligation.

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Firm Name _____

Address _____

Individual making request _____ Collier's 11-24-28

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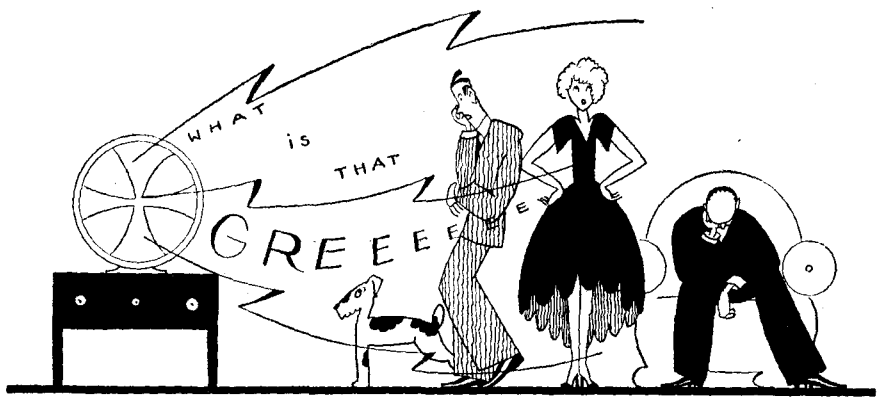


Now we'll have Fun

By Jack Binns

THE way things are developing in England it looks as though some genius will soon evolve a means of playing tag by radio in order to amuse the "dear listeners."

The impresario of the Manchester station has almost reached that stage. His latest production in radio entertainment is entitled "What is That?" It's a great game: A noise is made in front of the microphone. It way be a snore, a sneeze or just a plain snort. Then again it may be the kind of noise an English tramcar makes when it turns a corner. You never can tell.

The idea of the game is that when your loud speaker repeats the noise you have to guess what it is. Simple, isn't it? I'm not sure what happens if you don't guess right. Probably you are "it" then.

Another Portablister

A storage battery, said to be the largest in the world, has just been completed in England. It weighs one thousand tons.

Probably it was designed to give full efficiency to the portable radio sets that are so popular over there.

Wanted! A Coordinator

There is one mistake that broadcast stations are frequently making in using the chain system. It consists of closing one program period with a certain selection and opening the next succeeding period with the same piece. Mistakes are excusable until they occur with unnecessary frequency. Preparing the daily program weeks in advance of its actual delivery is no easy task. No one admits that more readily than I, but a little care in final supervision would prevent such errors.

In the case of chain systems the individual programs are prepared by many different agencies, but even this is no excuse for duplication. What is needed at each source of program presentation is a managing editor—or conductor, whichever you may choose to call him—who will go over each day's proposed programs and eliminate the duplications and incongruities that may appear in the various periods because of the necessary lack of coordination in the actual preparation.

Quitcher Kiddin', Phil

Phil Cook, the greatest "doubler in brass" that radio has so far produced, is quoted as declaring: "What is said, and not who says it, makes a radio program entertaining."

Ah, now, Phil, you don't really mean that. How about your own "I see by the papers"? Do you really think that anyone could make the phrase "Why bring that up?" as entertaining as Charley Mack? I've heard a lot of people trying to in a story that's going the rounds, but none of them sounded like Mack to me.

They Are Individual

In a recent item I carelessly referred to "independent" stations as a means of differentiating individually operated broadcasters from those associated with the chains.

Shortly afterward I happened to be discussing broadcasting matters with a man who is closely identified with a program service, and during the course of our conversation it occurred to me that the reference I had made was unjust, because it might carry the inference that chain stations constituted a monopoly.

There is no monopoly in broadcasting despite the wails of some broadcast station owners. The companies operating chain systems are merely organizations for producing and selling programs to as many stations as they can. There will always be a conflict of interest between the individual units on a chain and the chain management for the simple reason that local advertisers will always pay more for air time to the individual stations on the chain than the chain pays these stations. The individual unit takes a certain portion of the chain programs because of the prestige it gives to his station with listeners, thereby increasing the value of its time for local users. Under these circumstances there is little possibility of any monopoly being developed.

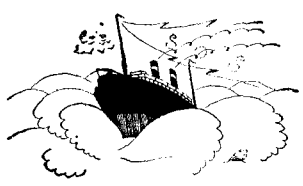
S O S

How quickly we take for granted a new utility such as radio! Its marvels do not rouse within us any realistic thought until some stirring event or catastrophe awakens us again to the benefits it has bestowed upon our civilization.

Take the disaster which overwhelmed the outer West Indian islands and Florida when a tropical hurricane swept over them.

The broadcasting by radio telegraph permitted many coastal ships to reach a safe haven in time. The regular broadcasting by radiophone brought prompt and efficient relief to the stricken area ashore. How many lives were spared directly or indirectly by radio in this case cannot be computed—only imagined.

Nor can we fully conceive the tremendous amount of suffering that was prevented through the quick marshaling of relief forces upon the stricken area. It is another example of the beneficent results that generally emanate from the quiet labor of modern science.



Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 38

colored Italian liqueur, which tasted as the herbs on the Campagna smell.

"I've had a bad time, Owston," my employer confessed slowly. "It is past. Is there news?"

"None of Miss Essiter, I am sorry to say, sir," I told him, "and bad news of Rachel."

He indulged in a little grimace.

"Do you mean that my scheme failed?"

"Utterly. I suppose the idea was sound, brutal though it was. I found her in my rooms last night with her hair all cut off, damaged and mutilated, half conscious. She just had strength to murmur '10 Eldon Street' before she was taken to the hospital. 10 Eldon Street was raided in a quarter of an hour, and the house was blown up by an infernal machine directly the police got inside."

"That was Joseph?" he gasped.

"Joseph beyond a doubt," I answered. "He had been there. So, I believe, had your niece. Now, God knows where they are!"

Martin Hews finished his brandy, and swung out into the room.

"Throw up the north window," he ordered.

I DID as he bade me and, side by side, we looked out toward the city.

"She is there somewhere," he declared. "Joseph's more at home in the East End, for all his struggles to get out of it. It's there I want him run to earth, hemmed in, showing his teeth for the last bite. What's the next move, Major?"

"Scotland Yard has got the gang pretty well surrounded, sir," I told him. "They are going for them at once—perhaps tonight. That's why Joseph didn't mind so much his East End hiding place being given away. Inspector Bloor's been working cautiously, but street by street, house by house almost, he's got them where he wants them. They are cornered down there, and Joseph knows it."

Martin Hews looked out at the great gaunt wilderness of factories, the streets of smoke-stained human habitations. Much of the strength was back in his face. His eyes glistened with hate.

"If I were a man like others," he muttered, "I'd make myself like one of these accursed wolves. I'd steal from street to street, from hiding place to hiding place; I'd beg and steal and lie; I'd go to prison and come out again; I'd fight; I'd crawl on my belly until I found him. I'd crawl on until I got nearer and nearer, until I could spit death into his heart."

"And I'd do the same if I could," I declared passionately. "Look at me—six feet three, and with, as Bloor tells me, a clumsy British face. I can't make up even for amateur theatricals. I can't act well enough to play the footman. What chance would I have in the slums? I had to give my word to Bloor to keep away from there before he would even talk to me."

"Pull down the blind," my employer bade me. "I have seen enough."

He made his way back to his place, guiding his chair still with that unerring and marvelous skill. On his way he pressed a button in the wall. The whole place was lit at one touch with soft, lambent lights. One of the telephones on his desk tinkled gently. I obeyed his gesture, took up the receiver and listened.

"Isaacs is speaking from Grafton Street—urgent, he says," I announced.

There was a sparkle in Martin Hews' hard round eyes as he took the receiver. His expression as he bent over the instrument was almost ecstatic.

"Listen, Isaacs," he said, when he had heard all the other had to recount, "with this, I have finished. You can go back to your beloved Hungary, and you shall take your fortune with you. You succeed this time, and you need make no further effort. I mean it. The time has come. Succeed, Isaacs, and you are rid of your burden."

There was excitement at the other end of the wire. I could tell that, though my employer's answers grew cooler all the time.

"In two hours," he announced, "Owston will be with you. You will then act. Don't hesitate. Tonight."

He leaned back in his chair, and I stared at him wonderingly.

"Owston," he declared, "for one moment the sterner things of life are to be forgotten. Come with me."

He wheeled his chair to a distant corner of the room, and stopped against the wall. For a second he was lost in what might have been a prayer, but it was evidently a mechanical effort of memory. Then he struck the paneling a number of blows with the tip of his third finger, after the manner of one transmitting a signal by Morse. Presently there was a little click. He smiled. The panel rolled upward, disclosing a miniature safe let into the wall. With a key attached to a gold bracelet underneath his left cuff he opened it and drew out another bunch of keys.

"Follow me," he directed.

The first key, with the help of an electric button, unlocked the door close to us, which I had never seen used. We passed into a dim corridor. Then we were in a gallery which must have run the whole length of the northward L of the house. He touched a knob in one of the panels, and lights flamed out from the ceiling and walls. I followed him farther into the room, and a sense of wonder such as I had never felt before in all my life kept me tongue-tied and motionless.

WE WERE in Martin Hews' treasure house. The walls were of dark green damask, and they were covered with pictures and engravings, interrupted here and there with cabinets, mostly Chinese and Japanese lacquer work, so that not one inch of space remained but seemed to claim its treasure, yet every treasure appeared to be in the one spot and amid the surroundings for which it had been destined.

I walked a little farther into the room.

"Here you learn, if you have the wit to discern it, my young friend," he said, "the secret—the major secret—the passion of my life. Forty years of care and toil, danger and perseverance, besides the expenditure of a great fortune, have brought me these. Every one has come to me with a thrill, every one has brought me its meed of joy. What matter, I think, sometimes, if I die tomorrow? I shall have known happiness such as few others are capable of feeling, and if I fear death, Owston—and there are times when I shrink from it—it is not because there is anything in life itself which calls or holds; it is leaving these.

"The Madonna who smiles at you there was painted in 1519. It is by Raphael. Ah, you know enough to start! You recognize it perhaps. Yes, it was stolen, I admit. It was stolen first from Versailles in the time of the Revolution, and afterward from the Pizzio Collection.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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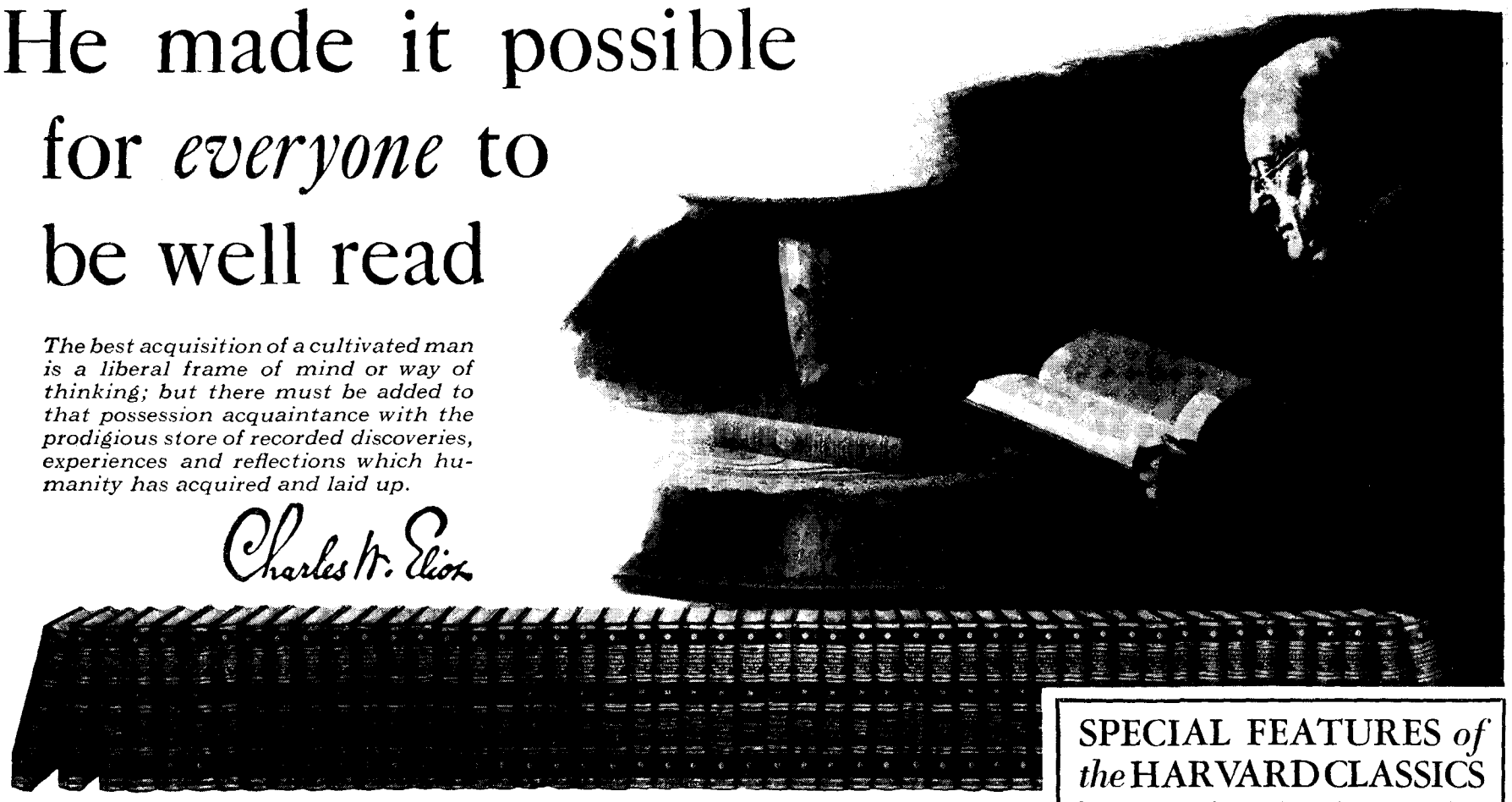
He made it possible for *everyone* to be well read



The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences and reflections which humanity has acquired and laid up.

Charles W. Eliot

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365 reading selections from The Harvard Classics are here appropriately assigned, one for every day in the year. Each selection can be read by the average person in about 15 minutes with leisurely enjoyment. The Guide is attractively illustrated and each assignment is introduced by interesting comments on the author, the subjects or the chief characters.

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Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives it that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness? Can it be cream? Yes, cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!

A friend of ours was once visiting in the country. Happening into the kitchen she found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

The tomatoes had been picked half an hour before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in.

"It's the cream that really *makes the soup,*" she explained . . .

Of course it's the cream. That's why Heinz is not just Tomato Soup but *Cream* of Tomato Soup—with the cream already in it. *Rich cream,* plenty of it.

The tomatoes are ripened on the vines—plump, red and juicy—and used fresh. Our spices—we send our own buyers round the world to select the best.

But flavor comes chiefly from knowing how. Experience is the final ingredient. And it is our 59 years of experience in making good things to eat that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato
SOUP
contains rich cream

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 10

"Perhaps you recognize my two Greuzes, that Claude Monet, which the cleverest detectives in London and Paris searched for in vain. See the Golden Horn and Temple of Thais. Look at that Buddha. Eleven men were killed in the attempt to regain that. The scroll in that basket of gold with the jade sides is part of the manuscript of Confucius, traced by his own hands. Look at the parchment. We lived in caves long after that was fashioned.

"What *do* you love best? Pictures, bronzes, jade, tapestry? Tell me, and I'll show you something that the world cannot match. . . . Pictures," he went on, interpreting my half-muttered reply. "Good. Here is variety for you.

"That landscape of Turner's. Look at the solemnity of the trees, look at that shaft of light that comes from what seems to be an Italian background, to shed that unearthly illumination upon the open country. That was stolen, Owston—stolen from the castle of an English nobleman fourteen years ago. What a fuss there was! It has all died out now.

"MORE pictures? Well, next to it, look—a Gainsborough. Forty-five thousand guineas they asked me for that at Christie's. I didn't buy it, Owston. It was Donkin's first exploit. Cut from the frame it was, as neatly as though by electricity.

"China? There are pieces here which men might commit murder for. There are many pieces here, as a matter of fact," he went on, "which have cost men their lives to steal or to protect. . . .

"Now, you know more of me than most men. This is my temple. This is the pool into which I have emptied my life and soul. Men have robbed or stolen or killed for love or jealousy or power. I for what you see. Leave me here, Owston. Leave me alone until I call you."

It is not too much to say that I was stricken with something like awe. I left him carefully maneuvering his chair so that the light fell upon the picture of a girl standing on the parapet of a castle looking down across a plain to a distant city. It was an unknown Leonardo da Vinci I learned afterward. The figure of the girl was scarcely even defined, yet one felt somehow the significance and wonder of it underneath those loose garments, the message of the pinched face, the pleading air; the steadfast eyes haunted me so that more than once I turned back in my restless wanderings.

I walked along the carpeted passage much as though I were wandering in some sanctuary. Actual life seemed to have fallen away. I was the victim of a species of enchantment.

Presently Martin Hews glided silently to my side.

"Come," he enjoined. "Less than a dozen men before you in twelve years have crossed this threshold."

We passed out together. He locked the doors and replaced the keys. Silently he made his way back to his place before the desk, and waved me to my chair. He looked at me keenly, and what he saw seemed to please him. But there was patronage in his tone when he spoke to me.

"I will explain to you, Owston, why even an unemotional person like yourself feels as you do," he said. "Today you have been in one of the great treasure houses of the world, Owston, brought together by perhaps the greatest connoisseur, the greatest artist in selection the world has ever known. No one of the treasures you have seen, not one picture, not one statue, not one piece of carving, one fragment of china, is other than the really true expression of its maker's heart. Lovingly and carefully I have slaved, selected and bought, and because a mistake is impossible to me, my treasure house is a different treasure house to any other. It is a treasure house of truth."

"You called it a treasure house of truth," I remarked, "yet half its contents are stolen."

"Three quarters of them," he admitted calmly. "They were stolen because money could not buy them. That does not affect their sublimity one iota. The treasures of the world have always been amassed by rapine, fire and massacre."

"But aren't you afraid of discovery?"

"I have no great fear," he assured me. "I will tell you why: Nearly all the thefts committed in these sordid days are thefts of an article for purposes of gain. That article must be resold before the robber reaps his reward. When anything is stolen for me it is off the market for my lifetime."

"The contents of that room must be enormously valuable," I ventured.

HE SMILED in almost ludicrously patronizing fashion.

"Valuable!" he repeated. "Well, I suppose that is what occurs to the ordinary human being like yourself, Owston. Valuable! Pounds, shillings and pence! Have you ever asked yourself, young man, what is the value of an hour's pure joy, what is the value of a year's, a month's happiness, what is the value of a flood of sweet thoughts let into your brain by a divine vision? Val-

JOHN ERSKINE

The distinguished author of

Adam and Eve

CONTRIBUTES

PETER *Kills the* BEAR

A short story about a medieval husband whose notions of life and love were singularly modern.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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uable! Yes, I suppose your world looks at it like that. Well, it would tax any museum to buy my treasures. When I am dead," he added, with an unpleasant smile, "what a hullabaloo! All the world coming to claim its own. A hundred laws in conflict! Ah, well! I may plan a great surprise yet."

He sat for a moment, scowling, his underlip thrust out. The mention of death at any time always threw him into a sort of terror. It was the first time I had ever heard him breathe the word himself.

"Pull down the blind of your memory, Owston," he continued, a little abruptly. "What I have shown you, I have shown you on impulse. I don't know why. I never shall know. Before you, Isaacs, a cardinal of Rome, a prince who is now a sovereign, and an artist dying partly of consumption, partly of starvation, are the only Europeans who have seen that room as you have seen it. Minchin is with me sometimes if there is work to be done, but when he is there I light it only in sections."

"I am very honored, sir," I told him, "but frankly I am inclined to regret—"

"SO YOU should," he interrupted approvingly. "You have just sufficient perception to enable you to realize that you have been in touch with something greater than any ordinary event of your everyday life. You will be uneasy and restless for weeks, until the commonplace world regains its hold upon you. I quite understand it. I didn't take you there out of kindness. I can imagine you lying awake at nights haunted by the call on my terrified princess, tortured by the thought that you could not tear her from the ogre on horseback and take her into your own arms. Never mind, my young friend. It is good for you to have your level march through life disturbed sometimes. I shall give you something new to distract your mind. Have you ever killed a Chinaman, Owston?"

"Never to my knowledge, sir," I replied. "I once hit one very hard in a gambling den at San Francisco."

"If by killing the Chinaman you are going to see tonight you could get possession of what I want," Martin Hews sighed, "the affair would be easy enough. Mr. Tul-kak is too clever for that, though. In a sense I am glad that he is. If there were killing to be done, Joseph might be there ahead of me. He pays when he must—that is very seldom indeed; if I want anything badly enough, I don't care whether it comes to me through payment, theft or murder. In this case, it will have, I think, to be payment. Tul-kak is a wise man. He wants a great price, but he prefers to deal with me. I have told Isaacs that he can offer five hundred thousand pounds—a quarter of my remaining fortune, Owston—for the One-Eyed Buddha."

"For the what?" I gasped.

Martin Hews smiled patiently.

"From time immemorial there has been not exactly a doubt but a superstition, handed down through all the priests of Asia, with regard to the personality of their great God. The superstition has lived for over a thousand years that the great Buddha, the God of the East, had only one eye. For the last few centuries, coincidentally with this superstition, one has heard vague rumors of a small white jade Buddha, watched in secret by the head priests only of a temple in Tibet—a Buddha with only one eye. Explorers and curio dealers have lost their lives many a time seeking for this temple, seeking for this Buddha. How it came into India, I don't know, but it is certain that a monk of Tibet, who was reputed to be the holiest man in the city, left his country and traveled across the mountains to China with the Buddha in his possession. He paid for it with his life. Four of its successive owners have died. Tul-kak himself has had more than one marvelous escape.

"I sent Isaacs to India the year before last, but he had only to open his mouth and his life was in danger. I had men haunting the secret places of Rangoon, where it was at one time reported that the statue had been hidden, but Isaacs could make no progress, probably because he is a Jew, and in time he was forced to leave the country in disguise. Tul-kak has been a year waiting for an opportunity to travel to London, and eventually managed to pass in the suite of the returning viceroy. He reached London this morning. Tonight, at eleven o'clock, you and Isaacs are to see him in the Milan Court. From what I hear of the man he is badly frightened and only too anxious to sell quickly. Whether he will get away with the money is another matter. You had better go to Isaacs' shop in Grafton Street at about a quarter to eleven. You will go armed, of course, for I warn you that I don't for a moment believe that the Buddha will be allowed to change hands again without a fight."

"What are we to do with it when we have it?" I asked.

"Isaacs has instructions. He has a solid iron coffer in which you will place it, and for the night it will remain in the hotel safe. I am a believer in the obvious places at times. I will communicate with the manager, Mr. Bretzgel, and he will be expecting you."

"I understand."

"With regard to payment," he continued, "Tul-kak has kept his mouth closed. Isaacs would bargain. He does not realize the greatness of this occasion. I have only one price, but it is a price which Tul-kak will accept."

From his left-hand drawer he drew out a check book, filled in a form, placed it in an envelope, and handed it to me.

"Look at it," he enjoined, with a smile of vanity. "You have seen nothing like that before, Major. You'll see nothing like it again."

I drew the check from the envelope. It was there, plainly written in Martin Hews' beautiful copperplate hand:

Pay to the order of Tul-kak, or bearer, The sum of five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"Five hundred thousand pounds," I marveled, "for one small statue!"

He waved his tiny hand with a gesture of supreme disdain.

"The money is nothing," he declared, "but the statue—"

HE BROKE off. His eyes were half closed, his tone lapsed into one of ecstasy.

"With it I shall close my collection. I shall have finished. There is nothing more that I covet. I shall double my guard here, and dig myself in for the remainder of my life. You know the feel of jade?"

"Not very well, sir," I admitted.

"Snow-white jade, without a flaw, two thousand years old," he murmured rapturously. "What a joy to touch, to feel, to handle!"

He sat for a few minutes in what seemed to be a state of trance. Then he rang the bell, and presently Minchin appeared.

"See that Major Owston has some lunch, Minchin," he directed, "and order a car to take him to the station."

He dismissed me brusquely, almost discourteously. It was not until after I had started for London alone in a smoky and uncomfortable first-class carriage that I realized that I was in for a new adventure, and that I was carrying Martin Hews' check for half a million pounds in my pocket.

(To be continued next week)

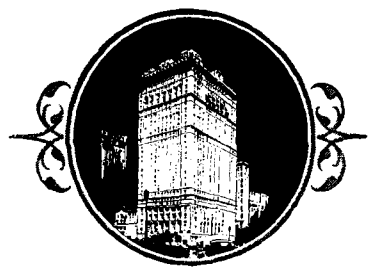
G O O D N I G H T

The Book-Cadillac Hotel
ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
DETROIT

Good night

This Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit is a safe and a delightful hotel for your children, for we planned for them, too. There's a house physician and there's a dentist to allay any sudden ache or ill. We've certified milk and foods just for sensitive folk. There are children's shops in the hotel. There's a maid service you'll like and meals *in your room*, if you ask it, with funny candles for each of their years . . . Then, when evening comes and sleepy eyes close and open and close, you can tuck them into cribs clean and soft, to drift into dreams, to meet their own pet heroes and commit what hair-brained oddities they like, drink innumerable fizzy drinks, wear tattered clothes, eat great stacks of solid chocolate, in that quaint, inconsequent dreamland where *everyone* understands them and *everyone* approves . . . *Good night.* See you soon.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



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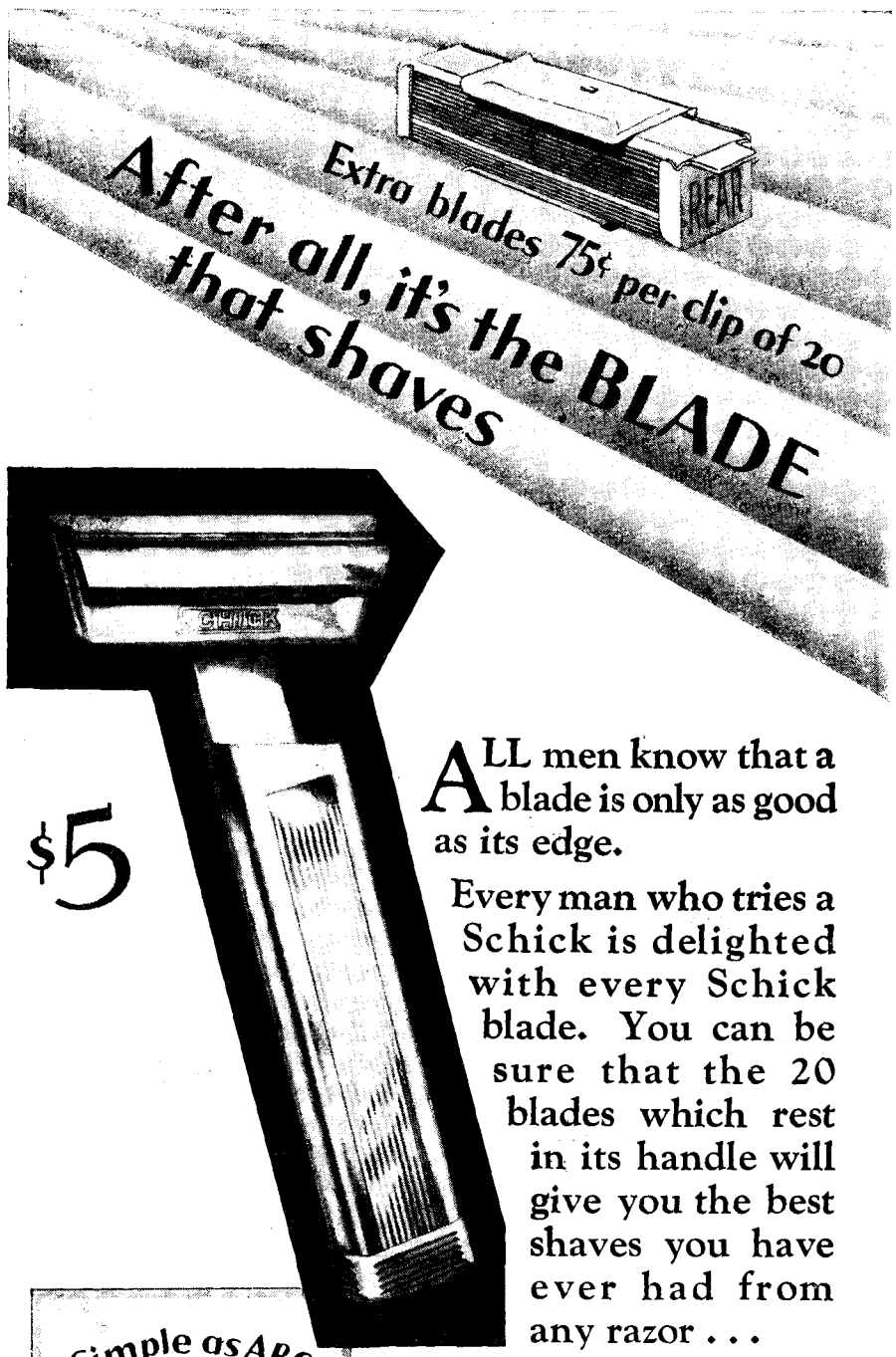

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Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at $5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model $7.50.) Additional clips of 20 blades for 75c—in Canada slightly higher.

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285 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
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A smooth shave, quick with a Schick Repeating Razor

Written in Mauve

Continued from page 24

being propped on pillows so that she could write, and only the enigmatic smile, by then familiar to Miss Morley, conveyed Mrs. Rortan's knowledge of the scene in the garden below.

Five days later Mrs. Rortan died.

Dr. Graham was gravely puzzled. It had happened suddenly. The patient had become violently ill and succumbed before either he or Mr. Rortan could be summoned. Miss Morley impressed him as being icily untouched by the loss, while Mr. Rortan had a discernible air of tragic relief.

It was after a thorough examination of the body that Dr. Graham requested Miss Morley to withdraw from the bedchamber and gravely addressed Rortan:

"This, I fear, is a matter for the coroner. Your wife has been poisoned."

Rortan's astonishment was of the theatrical quality that marks either innocence or guilt.

"Please say nothing," bade the doctor. "Let the coroner decide." And he added significantly: "Do not discharge Miss Morley from duty until this matter *is cleared up.*"

The official verdict was quickly rendered by a speedily impaneled coroner's jury, a verdict of homicide.

The yellow newspapers, getting the scent of sex in the story, flamed it in headlines that gave the guarded coroner's verdict of homicide the virulence of a charge of willful murder.

Like a rapid nightmare events followed one another. Rortan and Miss Morley were literally prisoners in the house, along with all the servants, while a brisk young detective turned the sick-chamber inside out in his search for evidence to connect with Mrs. Rortan's death anybody having contact with her during her last days.

The detective was rewarded by the discovery of a diary hidden in a carefully flapped-over slit in the top of the deathbed mattress. Detective Mathieu pounced on the black-bound book, hurried with it to the window, and devoured its dozen pages of contents before uttering a sound or making a sign. The writing was wirily fine, weak and unsteady, becoming almost cryptic toward the end. Mathieu observed that the ink at first was blue-black and, for the final entries, of mauve color.

THE dead woman had grimly recorded her fears. Falteringly, at first, she had begun the story of her suspicion of Miss Morley and her husband; how, with a carefully marked-in date—to the hour and minute—she had seen signs between them, culminating in that open embrace beneath her sick-room window.

"I insisted," ran one of the most significant passages, "on measuring my own medicine tonight. Miss Morley showed resentment. She is a woman of fire and ice, and I fear for my safety."

Later: "I protested to my husband about Miss Morley. He will not dismiss her. I must gather courage to demand that Dr. Graham dismiss her. But he has been so kind that it requires courage. Yet I am a dying woman fighting for life against the intrigue of a faithless husband and a scheming adventuress."

That entry had a touch of temper that caused Mathieu to crease his brow; but the last words written struck glaringly from the ruled sheet:

"The medicine was different tonight. She has changed it. I feel exceedingly ill as I write these lines. Too weak to write all that passes in my mind. I saw the hate in her eyes as she said good night, and then, their voices below."

That was all. But enough to send the screaming news all over the world. The contents of the diary were frenziedly copied and frenziedly printed. Rortan and Miss Morley stood in the minds of millions—convicted, illicit lovers who had callously poisoned a sick woman out of their way.

An assistant district attorney grilled the young woman mercilessly during an afternoon and night; but she remained adamant through the raking. In anger the prosecutor announced that he would seek indictments.

Public interest was whipped to fever heat. Rortan engaged attorneys to protect himself and the girl—an act pounced on as evidence of conspiracy between the two.

Special grand jurors seized the opportunity to sit on a sensational case that filled patches of front pages all over the country. For three days the strain of their investigation climbed to an apex of suspense.

THEN suddenly the bottom fell through. The jury returned no bill, appending a rider that full and complete evidence satisfied them that Mrs. Rortan had succumbed to natural causes, through accident.

It was Detective Mathieu, the eager and rash young operative from the district attorney's office, who upset the case.

"I had to do it," he told Rortan, to whom, as an act of recompense, he personally bore word of vindication. Rortan was sitting in his study, pale with suppressed emotion.

"I owed you something for letting that diary out to the press," Mathieu added. Rortan nodded and waited.

"Your wife committed suicide," said Mathieu as if clinching an unphrased argument.

He hurried to explain:

"Different colored ink and Dr. Graham's memory made me switch my theory from murder to suicide. I observed that two colors of ink were used in the diary. The first entries were blue-black and the final and damning entries a sort of mauve. This same colored ink was on a prescription written by Dr. Graham which I recovered from your druggist to check up and see if a mistake had been made in compounding medicine.

"I only discovered this after Dr. Graham had presented his evidence to the grand jury. The district attorney permitted me to put a few questions. I asked the doctor if he had ever mislaid his fountain pen in your wife's sick-room after I had first learned that he habitually used mauve ink.

"Fortunately, he remembered clearly that one afternoon he missed his pen, and found it the next day in your wife's room. He could place the date exactly because he had attended a meeting of hospital directors after leaving your house. In signing the minutes of the meeting he was obliged to borrow a pen since his own was mislaid.

"That date was the fifteenth of May. Yet the final and most incriminating entries in your wife's diary are dated May 19th, the day before she died, proving that Mrs. Rortan made the entries in the diary in advance of the day she planned to die. She must have been obsessed with the idea of incriminating Miss Morley—so bent on this that she overlooked the detail of the doctor's pen.

"I think that explains everything. It does for me. And I owe you and Miss Morley an apology."

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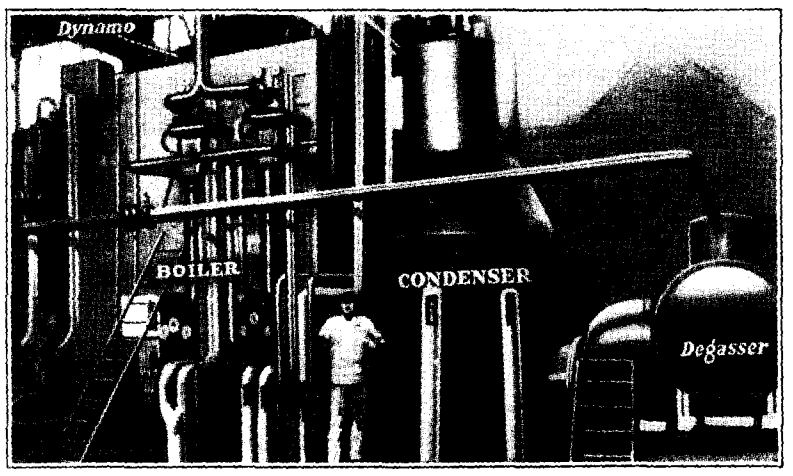


Free Power for Florida

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

FLORIDA and California may become Pennsylvanias of the South, and have the advantage, in the long run, because coal and oil will be ultimately consumed while warm ocean streams flow on forever.

The possibility of obtaining a supply of electrical energy by mixing warm water with cold has been demonstrated by George Claude and Paul Boucherot of France.

Claude, at his own expense, set up a plant on the Meuse River. To simulate actual natural working conditions, the water from the river was heated to 36 degrees Fahrenheit, since this is about the difference between the ocean depths and the surface water in tropical seas.

The process is as follows:

Roughly, there are two main divisions to the device, a boiler and a condenser. These are connected by a pipe, or passage, to which is fixed a turbine.

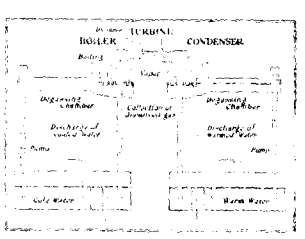
The boiler side is the warm-water side of the process. The warm water (to be taken from the surface of the ocean under natural conditions) is pumped up through a degassing chamber, in which it is freed from the gases usually present in water and which retard boiling. It is then sprayed into the boiler, which is a vacuum chamber. Of course, it is well-known that water will boil in a vacuum, or near-vacuum, at a much lower temperature than under ordinary atmospheric pressure. Therefore this warm surface water, on being sprayed into the boiler, bursts into boiling with almost explosive violence.

One per cent of the water is instantly converted into vapor. The rest, cooled by this evaporation, drains back at once through an evacuation pipe into the ocean.

5,700 Revolutions per Minute

Meanwhile, on the condenser or cold-water side, the cold water is pumped up from the ocean depths in the same manner that the warm water has been taken from the surface. It is sprayed into the condenser in small jets. This lowers the atmospheric pressure in the condenser far below normal, while the pressure on the other side of the device, as we have seen, has been simultaneously raised far above normal.

The vapor pressure in the boiler, therefore, finding a line of less than normal resistance, rushes through the passageway pipe at a terrific speed, and turns the turbine on its way.



In the tests this force was found sufficient to run the turbine at a rate of 5,700 revolutions per minute, producing a power of 60 kilowatts.

How much energy can be got from the warm water depends upon how great a fall in temperature can be given it before reaching the lower level of the temperature of the cold water, just as the water power obtainable depends on the height of a waterfall. Ocean water lying below 1,000 fathoms is below 37 degrees almost everywhere.

We Can See for Ourselves

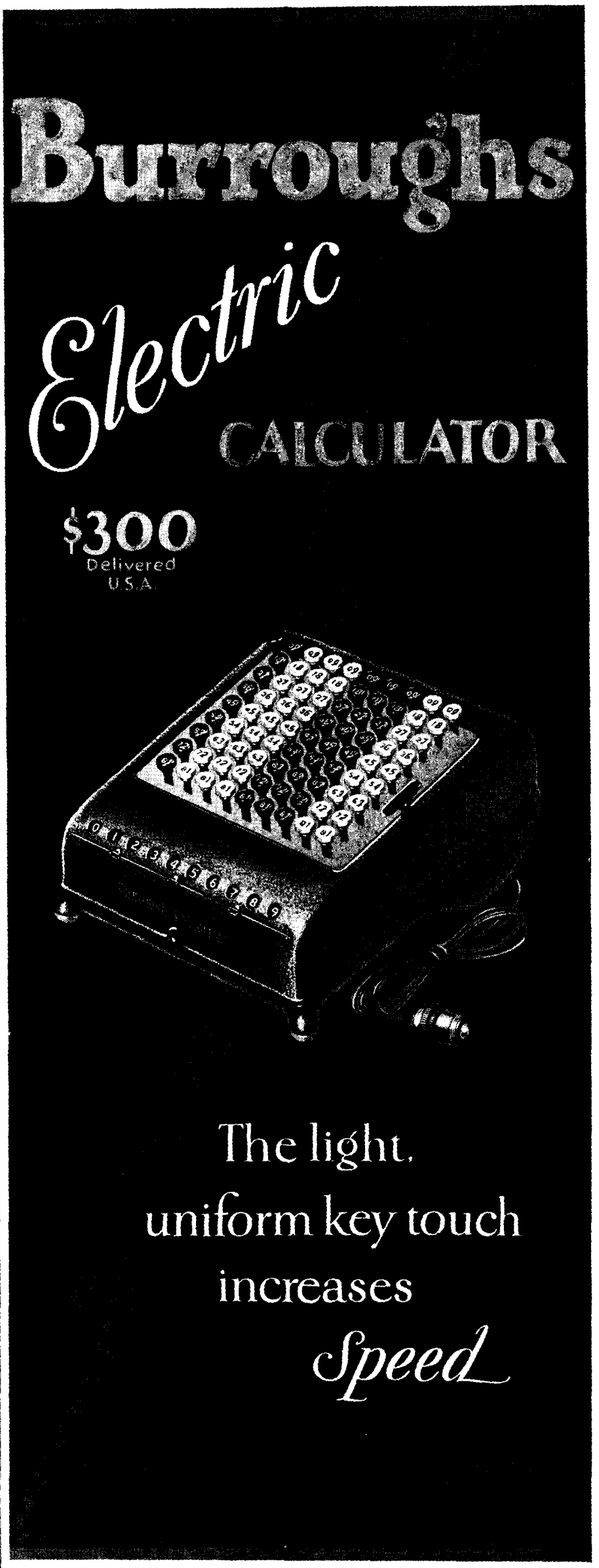
M. Claude is setting up an experimental plant at Havana but if it works there it might be available in certain parts or possessions of the United States. About Florida the sea is shallow close to the coast. A variation of more than 15 degrees Fahrenheit between the surface and the bottom temperature could hardly be attained in depths of less than 100 fathoms. Along about Miami and Palm Beach the 100-fathom curve lies from 3 to 4 miles offshore. Opposite Jupiter Inlet the surface and bottom temperatures run close together for 4 miles out where the depth is 31 fathoms. But 15 miles offshore, at a depth of 250 fathoms, the temperature at the bottom is 32 degrees colder than at the top, and about 33 miles offshore, at 439 fathoms, the difference in temperature between the water at the surface and that in the depths is 37 degrees.

This fall in temperature is ample to run a Claude engine but to bring such a large amount of cold water to the shore from such a distance would be far too costly.

Southern California appears to offer better prospects for such a plant, for the 100-fathom curve comes within about three quarters of a mile in Mission Bay near La Jolla. At one point here 3 miles offshore the water at about this depth was found to be 19 degrees colder than at the surface.

We may anticipate that, now the possibility of warm-water engines has been demonstrated, plans will be brought forward for using slighter falls of temperature.

Americans will have a chance to see for themselves the warm-water motor because M. Claude is to demonstrate it before the Second International Conference on Bituminous Coal to be held at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, November 19th to 24th.



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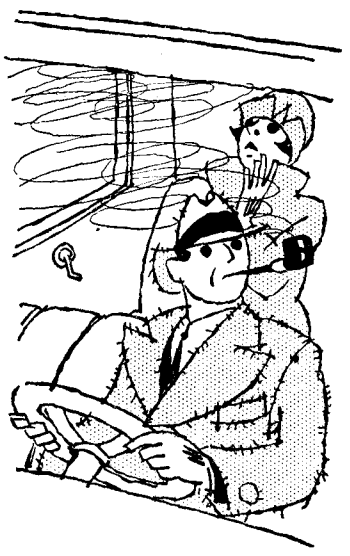
"Either the exhaust or your pipe needs fixing"



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B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

One of the Princess Pats

Continued from page 7

a strenuous P. T. drill. That warmed him, loosened his muscles, made him feel better.

A gray morning mist shrouded the green, making the trees and the near-by houses ghostly. Joe went back to the bench. The girl, completely covered by the greatcoat, was a little khaki bundle that might have been anything. She still slept. Very gently Joe uncovered her face. It was alarmingly pale and hungry-looking. One thin hand clasped to her breast her precious tawdry hat. As he stood looking at her, she opened her eyes. For a moment they displayed confusion and fear. Then they softened, smiled at him.

"All right, kid," he said. "Just leave me have my tunic, will you. You lie here a while. I'm going to see if I can hit up anybody for the price of a meal. Then we can eat."

And in twenty minutes he was the richer by sixpence, begged from a sympathetic Aussie.

As he told the girl, sixpence doesn't help very much when there are two mouths to feed. He suggested a better plan. They'd take the "tube" and go to the Canada Hut off the Strand. There he could get coffee at a penny a cup and a mess of porridge for twopence.

It was eight o'clock when they arrived there. "You wait outside," he told her. "I won't be but a minute."

JOE was gone quite a while. When he eventually appeared he was carrying a cup of hot coffee, a plate of sickly looking porridge, and a thick slice of bread, dipped in fat, adorned with a hunk of bacon.

"Get this into you," he ordered. "I'm going foraging for some coin. There's a couple of guys in there who'll help me out—once they roll out of their blankets."

She ate greedily, wiping the porridge plate with the last bit of greasy bread, and licking her fingers.

Joe's foraging availed him but little. Men towards the end of their leave are hard pressed for money. All he could borrow was three shillings. But he had hopes of selling his Luger automatic, a souvenir, which, three months previously, he had wrested from a Prussian major.

"It's worth ten pounds to anybody that wants it," he said. "Come on, kid. We're off to the Red Lion."

On his way he stepped into a jeweler's shop on the Strand. In five minutes he was out again, a broad, satisfactory grin on his countenance.

"What'd I tell you?" he shouted jubilantly. "Six pounds! Over thirty dollars!" He showed her the six one-pound *Bradburys*.

"Now we've got some dough—and we'll have a swell feed round lunch hour. First off, let's go get that guy Hoskins."

They took a Mile End bus, got off at Whitechapel, and walked up a street to a small public house decorated with the huge and lurid sign of a Red Lion.

The hour for opening its doors had not arrived. Joe was content to wait. At eleven o'clock he went inside, ordered a beer, and a glass of milk for the girl, and sat down to wait for Hoskins.

About one o'clock Joe had to eat again. They went to a restaurant near at hand, and for the sum of ninepence had a beefsteak pudding, bread and butter and two cups of tea. Then they went back to the Red Lion.

"I'm going to get him," swore Joe, "and get him good! After that I'll turn him over to the cops. And I want you as witness—see? That's the reason I'm letting you trail along with me all the time. See?"

She nodded, pattering along beside him in the rain.

Finally, Joe Miller's patience was rewarded. Hoskins, his cap pulled down over his eyes, stepped into the bar of the Red Lion—and stepped into it alone. Joe bounded over to him.

"Now, you!" he shouted. "I've been waiting for you!"

Bill Hoskins backed through the door, Joe after him. Outside, however, he made a stand. Both men took off their coats. A crowd collected.

It was a vicious fight while it lasted, but a hard right uppercut brought it to an end. Hoskins lay on his back, dead to the world.

Suddenly the crowd gave way. A policeman had appeared on the scene. Joe, backed up by the shrill, excited evidence of the girl, made his accusation. Hoskins was searched. On him was found the missing pay-book and the stolen money. Joe had no difficulty in proving his claim to it. The regimental number on his tunic corresponded with that in the pay-book. The cop decided that Mr. Bill Hoskins was wanted at the Bow Street police station.

"There you are, kid," said Joe. I guess you'll have nothing to fear from that guy for a long time." He was putting on his coat. "Want to walk down with me as far as the underground station?"

"Yes," she said.

It was beginning to rain more heavily. Outside the station, in the shelter, Joe Miller stopped and looked at her.

"Sorry, kid," he said casually, "but I guess I won't be seeing you again. I'm going back to the old trenches tonight—seven o'clock—so this'll have to be good-by."

Her eyes smiled sadly at him. "Good-by," she said very quietly.

"May see you again—some day. You never know." He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, produced the pay-book. "Here," he offered magnanimously. "You'd better take a couple of pounds to tide you over."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"No—please—please."

"Aw, come on," he bawled. "Grab it. It'll tide you over till you get work."

"But—they won't give me work."

"Why? What's the trouble?"

She didn't reply. Her lower lip was trembling.

"Say," he frowned, "do you want this dough or not?"

"No, thank you. Although it's very good of you. I'll—I'll never forget your kindness to me."

"Aw, that's all right. Well, s'long, kid. Take care of yourself—and good luck to you."

"Good-by," she said.

He watched her walk away, back down the Whitechapel Road, back in the direction of Stepney Green and a hard cold bench.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Wait a minute! Come back here."

She turned, submissively retracing her steps.

"Now you take this money, see! You can pay me back some other time."

She was shaking her head.

HE STUDIED her. "You're a queer little kid," he said more kindly. "It's too bad you're all on your own this way. Still and all, I don't see why you can't find a job for yourself. What's the matter, baby? You're pretty and everything. Lots of jobs you could tackle."

"Yes," she faltered. "I can cook. My father said my doughnuts and pies were the best he ever tasted."

"Yeah?" Joe Miller's eyes gleamed. "Gee! that's my idea of a girl. One that knows how to make a good pie—cook things."

"And I can sew, and keep books—accounts and all that."

"Yeah?" Joe's appreciation of her was mounting. "Gee!" he repeated, "that's my idea of a girl. One that can sew, and make pies. What beats me is why you can't find a job some place as cook."

"They ask about my name—about my father—"

"What's he got to do with it?"

"I have to show my papers—" She shifted nervously, looked down at her worn-out shoes. "My father," she told him quietly, "is—is interned."

"Interned. In a prison camp, you mean? For why?"

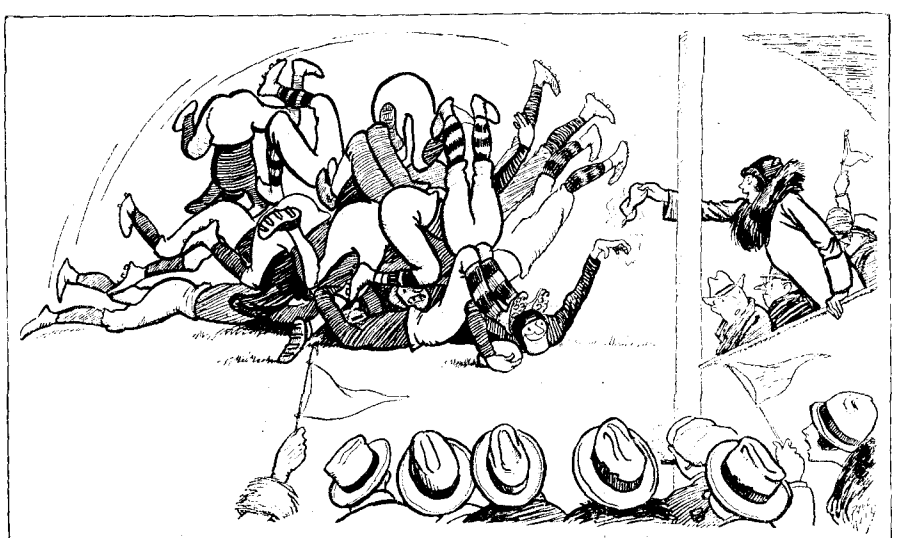
"He's—he's a German."

"Holy cat!" gasped Joe. "I thought you said your name was Smith? Katie Smith?"

"N-no—it isn't—really. I just call myself that—because—because—" She choked a little and turned her head away. "It's Schmidt," she confessed.

"Oh," said Joe. "So I've been running around with a little Heinie all this time?"

"No, I'm not—I'm not!" With a small fist she smote his chest. "I was born here in London. I'm English. I love England. So does my father. But nobody believes us. They took him away two weeks ago—put him in prison. All for nothing. Just because he happened



The fellow who could take his mind off his work

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to be born in Dresden. They closed our bakery. They turned me out. And whenever I try to get work they make me show my papers. When they see my name—when they find out that my father is interned—they won't have anything to do with me. Oh, I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do."

She was crying. Passers-by were staring and grinning at her.

"Well, can you beat it?" said Joe. "You're a little spy, I guess. A German spy—I'll bet a dollar."

In desperation she covered her face with her hands. Her thin little body was racked with sobs.

"That's what they all say," she cried. "But it isn't true. I'm not a spy. Neither is my father. Only nobody—nobody—believes us. Oh, God!" she sobbed, "I wish I were dead. . . ."

For a while Joe Miller remained silent, then he said:

"Why didn't you come out with all this before? Last night—or this morning?"

"I didn't like to. You'd been so kind to me. You were a soldier—one of the Princess Pats—and I knew if I'd said my name was Schmidt—"

"What do you know about the Princess Pats?"

"I've read about them in the newspapers—about the wonderful battles they've fought—and what a great regiment they are."

"Yeah?"

"If I was a man I'd join up tomorrow and go off to war. Then they'd see I loved England."

Private Joe Miller was full of strange reflections. "How long has your old man lived here?" he inquired.

"Twenty years."

"Why didn't he get naturalized?"

"He never thought of it. He was trying to—when they came and took him away."

"And yet—when you tell 'em all this—they won't give you any work?"

"N-no."

Joe had been doing some heavy thinking. "Listen, kid," he announced suddenly. "I'm going to take a chance on you. I believe in you, see. Now that's just the trouble with people—and with nations. They start off by mistrusting each other. When they've gone and killed each other off like flies—why, they sit back and make a dam' treaty."

HE LAID his hand on her shoulder. "Let's you and me make a treaty right now, and later when the blasted war is *finee*—"

She glanced up at him wonderingly.

"Know what a treaty is, don't you? Like the Treaty of Paris and the Treaty of Constan-ti-nople—whatever in hell *they* happen to stand for. All right, let's call this one the Treaty of Whitechapel. What say?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"An agreement between you and me. Between Canada and Germany."

"But I'm not a German," she protested vigorously.

"All right, baby." His eyes were twinkling a little. "Now listen. I've only got a few hours left. Tell you what we'll do. How'd you like to change that name of yours—that Schmidt you got tacked on to you?"

"Change it?"

"Yep. How'd you like to call yourself Mrs. Joe Miller?"

An expression of alarm, gradually changing to one of sheer bewilderment, spread across the little, sad, upturned face.

"You—you mean—?" she stammered.

"That's it," he breezed. "Well, what say? I know it's kind of sudden—but we got no time to argue. I'm asking you to marry me, that's what I'm doing. So make up your mind."

Very gently he squeezed the small clenched hand imprisoned in his own.

"What's it to be, Katie?"

She looked at him. Tears began to appear on her lashes again as she slowly nodded her head.

It was all over in an hour. The bride's honeymoon was a bus ride, her corsage a bunch of violets bought from an ancient flower-girl, her home-coming a room in a small, semi-detached cottage near Victoria Station—a location far removed from Whitechapel. The rent was four shillings a week, and Joe Miller paid for a month in advance.

"Now listen, honey," he said. They were in their little room. Outside the neatly curtained window it was raining in torrents. "No matter what you was before, you're a British subject now—and a Canadian. And here's five pounds ten shillings. Get yourself some new shoes and some new duds, then you can go round and find yourself a job.

"And when they ask you who you are—you don't have to tell 'em about your old man or that your name was Schmidt. Tell 'em you're Mrs. Joe Miller, and that your man is one of the Princess Pats and is fighting for his blooming country over in Belgium. And here's the blinking certificate to prove it."

HE TOOK the marriage document from his pay-book, laughed, and threw it over to her. Seated in a chair opposite him, she had been gazing at the ring on her finger. When she looked up her eyes were cloudy.

"Come here, honey," Joe held out his hand to her. She rose, moved slowly towards him, took his hand, and stood beside him shyly. But Joe picked her up and sat her on his knee.

"Your rent is all paid for a month, see? But long before that I'll be sending you money from France. And if anything ever happens to me—why, you'll get a nice little pension for yourself as long as you live. Get the point, baby? So you're all O. K. from now on."

Joe's arm tightened round her. Her hair brushed against his cheek.

"Well," he concluded, "I've got to go. Just got time to make that troop train."

A little sob escaped her. Throwing her arms around his neck she buried her face in the hollow of his shoulder.

"When—when will you come back?"

"When? Oh, in about seven months or so—if the dam' war ain't over."

She clung to him. "I think I'd die, Joe—if—if—if anything happened—"

"Oh, forget it," he laughed. "They can't bump me off. Listen, baby—you and me's going back to Canada before long. Going back to Canada to raise a little family. Eh?" he laughed. "What say? Sure—you bet we are."

Her cheek touched his chin, moved upwards until her lips were resting on his. "I love you, Joe—more than anything in the whole, wide world," she whispered, kissing him.

Joe Miller, one of the Princess Pats, was aware of a strange exhilaration in his heart, an exhilaration he had never known before.

"God!" he choked. "I hate to leave you this way, but I've got to go—"

And a moment later he was going down the stairs. In the street he looked back, back and up at the pale little face pressed against a window-pane. On impulse he kissed his hand to her. Then, shouldering his pack, he set off through the driving rain for the railway station—off for the distant salient that was Ypres.

"Lord God," he said to himself, "can you beat it! She's my wife. Mrs. Joe Miller—that's what she is. And here I go on the run back to Ypres to strafe her poor old relations! Can you beat it? Well, that's war and I can't change it. I'm a soldier first and her husband second. One of the Princess Pats."

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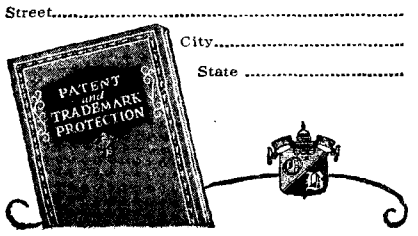


The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 15

least. You informed me, upon my return from the East, there was ten thousand left out of my—well, what I thought was mine. I paid my New York bills, which were pretty heavy. And it surely cost enough to entertain my friends. I suppose I'm as—as poor as Clifton Forrest."

"Then you're a beggar."

"What a fall for Virginia Lundeen! The humiliation of it has not increased my respect and—affection for you, Father mine. . . . Where is Mother? I haven't seen her."

"She's sick in bed."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. What ails her?"

"Reckon it's this damned mess that's knockin' me," he growled.

"I'll go to Mother," said Virginia, soberly, entering the house.

SHE found Mrs. Lundeen sitting up, quite pale and sick, but evidently not so badly off as her husband had intimated. Nevertheless Virginia suffered remorse for her neglect of her mother since that first quarrel following her arrival home. It pleased Virginia to grasp that her mother seemed no longer unapproachable.

"Father told me you'd worried yourself sick over this mess here," said Virginia presently.

"Perhaps. But I wasn't so well before it came to a head," replied Mrs. Lundeen. "I'd like to go to California, if I don't feel better before winter sets in. Your father laughed. Said by that time we couldn't afford to go even to Las Vegas. I can't understand it at all."

"I do, Mother. The nigger in the woodpile is Malpass. He has worked Father into some kind of a trap. He absolutely runs the place. Father can't call his soul his own. I haven't the least doubt that we'll lose Cottonwoods."

"For my part, I'd not care," returned her mother wearily. "I'd exchange with the Forrests any day. Down there I had work to do. This is no home. If I were you, Virginia, I'd go away."

"Mother!" exclaimed Virginia. "Only a little while ago you were urging me to marry Malpass."

"Yes, I know. Then I thought you might like the man. And it seemed a solution to our troubles. But I'm convinced now you couldn't save us even if you married Malpass."

"I'm of the same opinion," returned Virginia, in grateful gladness at this unexpected attitude of her mother. "Have you told Father that?"

"I have, and got called an old fool for my pains. It's made me think, Virginia, that both Jed and Malpass have gone too far. They think they're a law unto themselves. I do not count. You are only a means to an end, for your father. Malpass seems to want you the more, the more you deny him. Some men are built that way. Usually they are the kind who tire after they get what they want."

"Mother, I'm awfully glad to hear you say these things. It helps a good deal, believe me," responded Virginia warmly. "I can take care of myself. So don't worry about me—or anything, for that matter. We'll get along. And we must think of your health. I'm going in to town today and will ask the doctor about you. . . . I'm happy, Mother, that this trouble has brought us closer together."

"So am I, dear. But don't make too much of it before your father."

Virginia drove to Las Vegas and reached the bank, her first objective, after closing hours, but upon being recognized she was admitted. To her relief she found there was a little money left to her credit, and she cashed a check for this balance. Then she sought audience with Mr. Halstead, who had been connected with the church she used to attend. Once he had been a cattleman, as was evinced by his rugged, weathered countenance. Virginia asked him point-blank about the condition of her father's finances.

"He is overdrawn here," replied the banker. "That has occurred before, though never to this present extent. I'm sorry to inform you we refused his last request for a loan. Of course his credit is good here, to a reasonable extent. But we couldn't see our way to a loan of a hundred thousand. His southern holdings are worth a million. But they appear to be involved rather deeply with his partner's."

"Has Mr. Malpass any dealings with your bank?"

"No. He has not even a checking account."

"Where does he bank?"

"Albuquerque, so I've been informed, but only in small amounts. He must have extensive bank dealings elsewhere."

"Who pays my father's Mexican help?"

"No checks have been presented here since Malpass' connection with your father. The presumption is that they are paid in cash."

"Will you tell me frankly, Mr. Halstead, what you think of Malpass' connection with my father?"

"Well, the connection has not inspired greater confidence in your father," replied Halstead evasively. "May I ask, Miss Lundeen, if there is any truth in the rumor that you are to marry Malpass?"

"None whatever," returned Virginia decisively. "My father wished it, but I refused absolutely."

"No doubt your many Las Vegas friends will be glad to hear that."

"You are at liberty to tell them. . . . Thank you, Mr. Halstead, and good afternoon."

From the bank she went to the family physician, whom she had known as a little girl. He had been called to attend her mother during Virginia's absence in the mountains. Like most doctors, he would not speak openly. Virginia left his office convinced that her mother had some organic ailment which, though not serious at present, might eventually become so.

Virginia invented excuses to call at the county clerk's office, and upon the new minister, a Western man with a charming wife. In both cases she extended herself to be gracious.

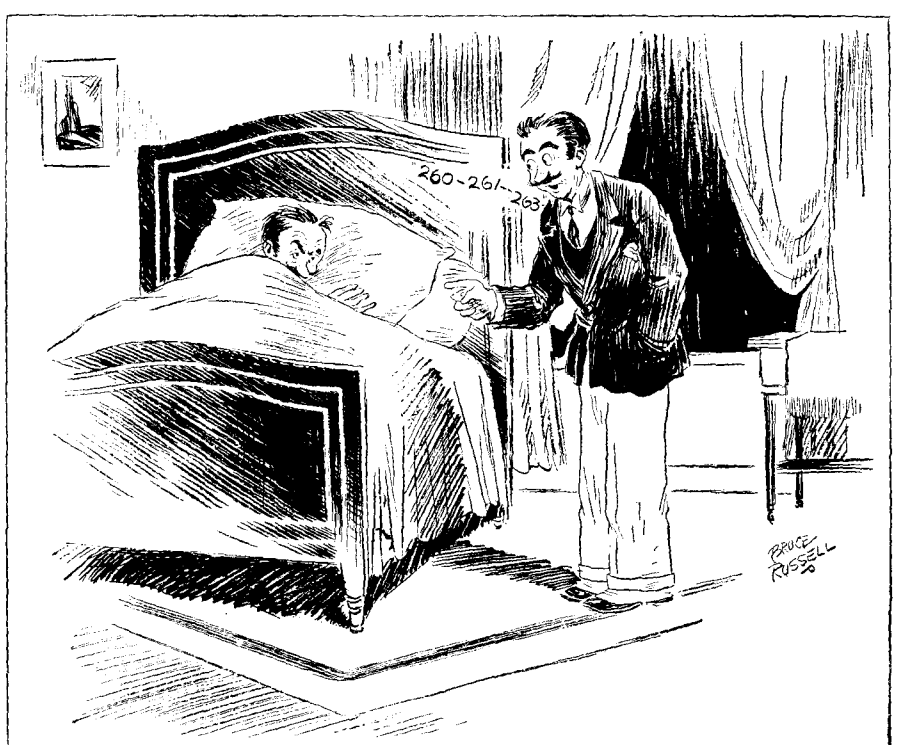
Dusk was gathering when she drove out of Las Vegas, taking a road that skirted the lower spread of Cottonwood Valley, and then turned north under the bank to San Luis. A few pin points of light flickered out of the lonesome darkness of the little town. From this point she drove slowly, and in due time arrived at a level spot near the Forrest garden. How much more familiar were these surroundings than those where she lived! Driving off the road against a thicket of young cottonwoods, she extinguished the car lights and got out.

The night was warm and sultry, with a slow wind off the desert. Frogs trilled, and out of the deep, low hum of insects came the chirping of crickets. Thousands of bright stars seemed to watch her, winking out of a deep blue sky. A thin crescent moon shone weirdly, low down through the cottonwoods.

SHE glided silently along the trail knowing her way in the gloom under the trees. A small animal rustled away into the brush. Coming to a fallen tree, she sat down, conscious of suspense and dammed emotion. Whatever her motive or deceit, she knew in her heart that the truth which made this tryst unutterably sweet and fearful was her love for Clifton Forrest. And, listening to the merciless voice that was her conscience, she confessed her motive was not merely the desire to save herself from Malpass.

Presently she moved on, though reluctantly. The little wait had only accelerated her thrills and starts. She gained the break in the old wall. Again she paused, and leaned against the corner, to peer into the vague shadows. She quivered as if she had expected to meet a lover and leap into his arms. Who could tell? In making her his wife, Clifton might be getting back the fortunes of the Forrests.

She went on, feeling her way. How black the garden corner! She peered



Movie star, victim of insomnia, has his double count sheep for him

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on all sides. Nothing moved except the gentle leaves. The section of wall where she had talked with Clifton was vacant. She whispered his name. No answer! Suddenly she sank down on the wall. He had not come.

"CLIFF, I'm damn good an' glad they burned you out," Clay Forrest averred to his son as they sat in the shade of the cottonwoods.

"Dad, you make me tired," returned Clifton, with good-humored patience. "Why do you always say that? I think the store just caught on fire. Spontaneous combustion, or something."

"Huh! Somethin'. You bet. An' that somethin' was a greaser in the pay of Jed Lundeen."

"Oh, no, Dad; you're hipped on the Lundeen stuff. You lay everything to the Lundeens. If it were anyone, it might have been Malpass. I didn't tell you before. He was in my store the day that Eastern crowd of young folks bought me out. And—well, we had some sharp words."

"What'd it lead to?"

"Nothing on my part. He struck me. Knocked me over. . . . It was just as well I didn't have a gun handy. I've got sort of used to one."

"Cliff Forrest! You never told me. . . . I'll beat that Malpass half to death."

"Dad, I'd rather you waited till I get strong enough to do it myself," replied Clifton grimly.

"Humph! An' how soon will that be?"

"Not so very long. I'm gaining pretty fast now. Mother says I'll eat her out of house and home. Besides, it wouldn't take much of a man to lick Malpass."

"That greaser will have a knife about him somewhere. Waal, I'll tell you, son: You an' Ma have kept my hands off that Lundeen outfit too long. An' the longer I wait the harder it'll go with them."

"Revenge is natural, Dad. But is it anything to give in to here? Suppose you went to horsewhip Lundeen and Malpass? You know how hate works if you give in to it. You might end in killing one or both of them. You'd go to prison. Then what of Mother?"

"YES, son, your arguments are unanswerable. Long ago I seen that. . . . A fight would end in blood spillin'. All the same, I don't believe any court in New Mexico would convict me."

"Don't you fool yourself," retorted Clifton. "What did that Las Vegas court do to you? It was fixed, no doubt. Well, Lundeen could fix it again."

"He couldn't hang any jury if he was dead. An' neither could Malpass," returned Forrest thoughtfully.

"On the level, now, Dad, you've had it in your mind to kill these two men?"

"Why, son, I was brought up in the West," replied his father, as if apologizing for Clifton.

"You've been brooding over this wrong for years. That's why you've quit. You could have begun life all over again. You're only fifty-odd. But you putter around the garden. You idle and feed that hate in your heart. You're breaking Mother's heart. She never minded the loss of Cottonwoods. That's all you think of. You are making yourself old. Worse, you're not helping me very much to take care of Mother."

Forrest dropped his head a moment. "Waal, it does seem that way, son," he replied resignedly. "An' that's the devil of it. I know just as well as you if I keep on mullin' over this trouble much longer I'm done for."

"Dad, if you do keep it up, I'm done for too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean a lot. . . . I've had more of a fight here than I had in France. To fight the hate you've given in to! And to fight my tired, tortured body into carrying on! I've got an even break now. If I can keep it up, I'll get well. But I'd just as lief chuck the chance and beat you to Lundeen and Malpass."

"You'd forestall me! Kill that outfit!" burst out Forrest dreadfully.

"If you don't give up that idea right now, for good and all, I'll go after them," declared Clifton, in cold ruthlessness. This was not a bluff, though he actually hoped he could intimidate his father. In his dark hours that ghastly desire had often abided with him.

"But, my Gawd, son, think of your mother!" ejaculated Forrest, appealing with his huge, outstretched hands. "It nearly killed her when you were over there. An' now that she's got you back . . . aw, Cliff, it's not to be thought of for you!"

"Sure, it isn't," rejoined Clifton, eagerly seizing upon victory. "That's why I say you can't think of it either. One or the other of us—it's all the same to Mother."

"All right, son. I crawl," said Forrest huskily, and covered his face with his hands.

A STEP on the leaves and a clink of spurs arrested Clifton's thankful response to his father's surrender. It was a victorious, happy moment. Clifton turned to see the red-faced cowboy from Cottonwoods.

"Howdy," he said genially, and handed Clifton a note. It was a square white envelope upon which was inscribed his name in a clear handwriting Clifton had never seen. But instantly he recognized the faint fragrance that came with the missive. Clifton felt the hot blood leap to his face. He did not want to open the letter, but as the cowboy stood expectantly he had to do so. And he read:

Dear Cliff:

I am in great trouble. Only you can help me. Meet me tonight just after dark at the break in the wall where we talked last. Don't fail me.

VIRGINIA.

Clifton's head seemed to swim. He tried to appear unconcerned, but if his confusion showed outwardly he must be making a sorry mess of it.

"All right. No answer," he said to the cowboy. "How are things up on the hill?"

"Shure slow now with the hosses gone an' no work."

"Gone?"

"Shure. Malpass was after sindin' them over to Wathrous."

Whereupon Clifton's father evinced signs not wholly lost upon the cowboy.

"I sympathize with you," said Clifton, with an understanding laugh. "I'm looking for a job myself."

"Shure, they're scarce. Good day, sor," replied the other, and strode away.

"Cliff, who was that?" queried Forrest, a peculiar glint coming to his big eyes.

"Con something or other. He used to come into the store for cigarettes."

"But he's employed by Malpass!" exclaimed the father.

"I think not, Dad. It runs in my mind the young lady up there is his boss."

"Lundeen's girl! Was that letter from her?" asked Forrest, in a tragic voice.

"Yes, Dad."

"Hand it over. Let me read it."

"See here, Dad; it's not polite to ask. And sure I wouldn't let anyone read a private note. At that it doesn't amount to much."

"Cliff, you're carryin' on with Lundeen's girl."

"I am not."

"You're a liar! I can see it in your face. You got red as a beet. You acted queer. Now you're white. . . . By Gawd, if this ain't the last straw."

"Father! . . . I'm not a liar," re-

(Continued on page 50)

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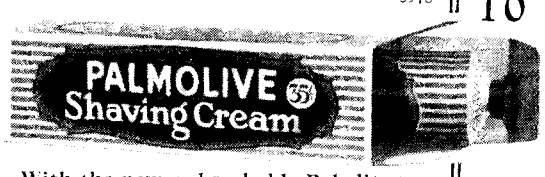

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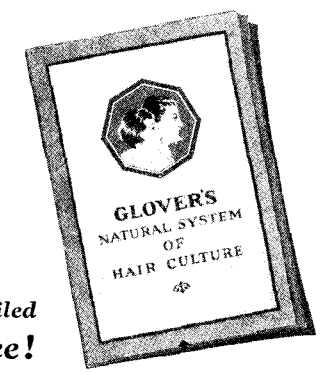

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"For me it surely was. Do you know, Virginia, I'd have made good in that store. Of course the big sale I made to your friends and Malpass would have been responsible. I invested all the money in new stock; filled the store, and had a lot of grub left over, which fortunately I stored here in the house. I'll bet it'll come in handy this winter."

"Cliff, I'm broke, except for a few dollars, and at the end of my rope," announced Virginia.

"Good Lord! You broke? Why, I heard in town that you spent barrels of money."

"I did, and now I wish I'd hid some of it in a barrel. Cliff, Father and Malpass together have made away with my fortune. They've taken my horses back to Watrous. I only learned recently that the ranch over there belongs to Malpass. It wouldn't surprise me to find I couldn't recover my horses."

"Well, the dirty crooks," replied Clifton coolly. "I reckon they're trying to break you to Malpass' harness."

"Indeed, they are. Father is desperate. Swears he'll have to kill Malpass unless I give in. And Malpass—well, he has insulted me outrageously."

"How?" queried Clifton, feeling the hot blood rush to his head.

"We were alone at breakfast. This was after his return with Dad from town. Malpass must have put on the screws. Anyway, when I cut him short he showed the cloven hoof. He could throw Dad in jail and would do it. I think, among other things, I called him a greaser. . . . It ended in his seizing me. Oh, he was a beast! I was paralyzed with disgust and surprise. He kissed me a number of times before I could break loose."

"My God! Virginia, that's terrible. Somebody ought to kill him. Your father should—"

"Father has lost every semblance of manhood."

"Virginia, what are you going to do?" queried Clifton anxiously.

"I don't know. I told you I'd reached the end of my rope."

"Well, suppose you marry me?" broke out Cliff almost involuntarily. "If he touches you again, I'll horsewhip him. And if that doesn't stop his greaser tricks I'll kill him."

AFTER a few moments of silence, Virginia asked, in a changed tone, "Cliff, do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do, Virginia. Reckon I'd have done it before if I'd known you were in such straits. . . . That'll give me the right to protect you. . . . If you can keep it secret from your father, the —the marriage need not be anything but a safeguard. Knowing it—that you can block their schemes any minute—will help you through it. At least you won't be in such fear of being dragged into a hateful marriage. . . . Something will happen sooner or later. All you need is time. Malpass will hang himself, sure. He's not the kind of man who can play a game long. Then you have only to get your freedom. As to that, Virginia, I may not last very long—"

"Hush!" she whispered, putting a soft palm to his lips.

"Virginia, I daresay there are weak spots in my argument. But I make the offer."

"You are my dearest—my only friend," she said. "I accept—Clifton."

"You will marry me?"

"Yes."

Clifton tried to fill aching lungs that appeared empty. "Very well. How can we arrange it?"

SHE seemed buried in deep thought for a time.

"I have it," she cried suddenly, with an exultant note in her excited voice. "I'll drive to town tomorrow. I'll get the marriage license from the county clerk. I know I can persuade him to keep our secret. Then I'll go to the new minister. I can persuade him too. You meet me here tomorrow night about this time. Perhaps a little earlier. And perhaps you'd better walk down the road from the corner. I'll drive back to town with you. . . . We'll be married. And I'll get you home without anyone being the wiser. . . . What do you think of that plan?"

"Fine, if you can pull it off," he replied, trying in vain to speak lightly.

"Then it's—settled." She rose rather hurriedly. "I'd better go now. . . . Tomorrow night it won't matter if I am late. Nothing will matter."

"Virginia," he replied gravely as he stood up, "I'm bound to advise you that if we're caught it will matter."

"We won't be caught—and if we were I'd laugh."

"I wouldn't. . . . How far is your car?"

"Just a step. I'll go alone."

"No, I'd rather you didn't."

He followed her out through the break in the wall and up the dark trail, until she halted in the gloom of a thicket along the road. Then he saw the car. Virginia looked up and down the road, listened a moment, then stepped into the automobile.

"Good night, Cliff. Tomorrow!" she said, turning on the lights.

"Yes, tomorrow," he replied thickly. How abruptly she had ended the interview! It seemed to him she avoided his outstretched hand. Then the engine whizzed, the car lurched; and he stood alone, watching a swiftly vanishing red light. He faced about to enter the trail and plod homeward through the melancholy Western night.

(To be continued next week)

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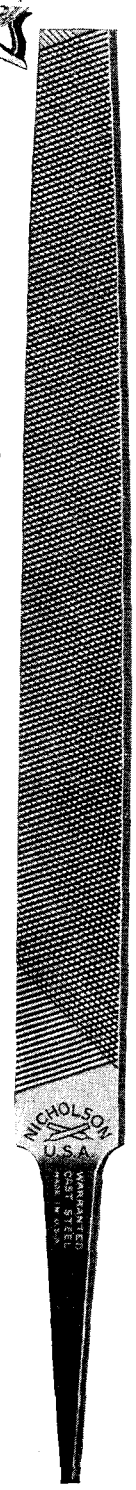

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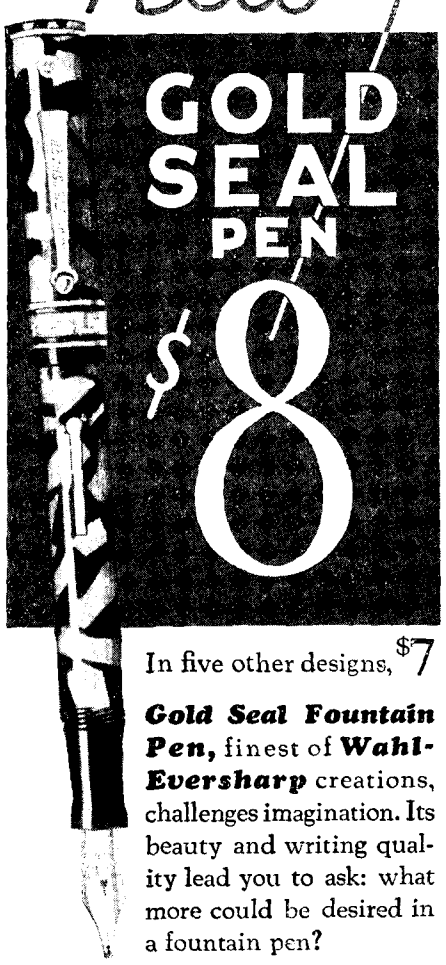

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gallery for Peter and Carson. But she heard one of them say the crowd would be around for the finish, all right, because this was the match that would settle things—if form meant anything the other six twosomes would be split.

Nothing happened till the 4th hole; the first three were halved. Then Peter saw a chance, and took it. He was on the edge of a big, rolling green with his second. Carson, off the green, laid his approach dead to the pin; he had a sure, safe four. Peter, as even Sally could see, could make sure of a four, too, if he just putted safely. If he tried for the pin he might roll on down past the cup. He took the risk, though, and sank his long one for a three. One up.

No more excitement till the 9th. Both men were playing beautiful, steady golf. On the 9th, a long hole, Peter was playing the odd on his second; his brassie, a screaming shot, was on the pin. But as it landed, almost hole high, the ball must have struck a heel mark; it took a crazy, unaccountable bound to the right and trickled into a trap.

"Hard luck!" Sally heard Carson say. His own second went straight and true; his approach was dead—his approaches always were. Again he had a sure four. But Peter was in trouble. He was at the bottom of a deep pit, placed to penalize a sliced second shot. One way out was easy, safe—and costly, for it entailed playing for the back of the green and the practically certain loss of a stroke. Sally and the rest of them stood looking down as Peter studied the lie of his ball in the sand. Straight ahead was the high bank of the pit.

"Gosh!" said a man beside her. "He's going to try it—"

He did. The niblick crashed down; the ball rose, in a cloud of sand. It soared high; cleared the bunker; landed on the green; rolled on and on—until it lay directly between Carson's ball and the hole. Carson was stymied hopelessly; Peter's hole, four to five. Two up at the turn!

He fell back to walk through the woods toward the 10th tee with Sally.

"You're marvelous!" she said.

"You mean I'm shot with luck!" said Peter. "Wait a bit."

He hurried on to drive. Straight down the narrow, tree-lined fairway went his ball; Sally, vaguely conscious of a man who had fallen into step beside her, turned, with glowing cheeks.

"Wasn't that a splendid drive?" she said. The man was elderly and safe, and Sally'd been quiet too long.

"Eh?" he said. "Oh! Yes. Yes, indeed." He laughed, harshly. "Good thing the boy can do something well! Maybe he can turn pro to make a living!"

SUSPICION stirred, suddenly, in Sally's mind. She looked at this man again. Eyes—no. Nose—yes. Mouth and chin—oh, yes! He couldn't be, though—

"You—" she said. "Oh, my soul—you're not—you can't be Peter's father!"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" said Mr. Armstrong. For that was exactly who he was.

"Because—oh, because you went to Boston, for one thing!"

"H'mph!" said Mr. Armstrong. "But I didn't, you see. Luckily. Know the young idiot, do you?"

"Yes—yes, I do—" said Sally. "Mr. Armstrong—"

"You have my sympathy," he said.

"Wait—" she said. "Please—couldn't we stay back a little, so that Peter won't see you? It'd be such a shock—"

"I thought of that myself," said Mr. Armstrong, grimly. And increased his pace. Sally kept up with him; she wondered what would happen if she put out her foot and tripped him. They came to the green; there were more people now. Carson putted from a corner; lay dead for a five. Peter had a four-footer for the half. He looked over, saw Sally, and grinned. Then, as he was about to turn and address the ball, he saw his father. The grin was frozen into a grimace of sheer horror. For a moment he just stared. Then he missed his putt. Carson's hole; Peter was only one up.

"Grr!" said Mr. Armstrong! "You see? No concentration! Yellow—that's what he is!"

"He is not!" said Sally, furiously.

The 11th was a nightmare. Peter drove out of bounds—something he probably did once every two years. He pulled his second drive into the rough; picked up, having played six, in a trap. The match was square.

Carson won the 12th, though Peter pulled himself together and stayed on the course, ruining himself, this time, with three putts.

"What do you think now?" said Mr. Armstrong, grimly. "I might overlook his sneaking off because he thought I was in Boston—but seeing him quit—" He ended with inarticulate growls. Sally was shaken, herself. All her sympathy went to Peter, but, oh, he oughtn't just to let go like this!

HE WAS trying to look as if everything were all right, as if this were just what might happen to anyone. But he didn't fool Sally; his eyes gave him away. He loathed himself for being rattled, for the way he'd lost his grip. He knew, right enough. Keep your eye on the ball—the way he'd said that to her, over and over! But he—why, it was just because he didn't, because he lifted his head as he took turf on an easy iron shot, that he lost the 13th hole—to make Carson two up and only five to go.

On the 14th Peter over-approached, and the gallery, shocked and incredulous—it had grown to respectable proportions now—saw Carson sink his putt to win the fifth hole in succession—and to be three up, with four to play!

"Well!" said Mr. Armstrong, in Sally's ear. "What do you think of him now?"

Sally wished she had something to hit him with.

"I'll tell you!" she said. "I think he'll win. I'll bet you he will. I'll bet you ten dollars!"

She did have ten dollars—and about fifty cents more. And no job. At least, if she still had a job the age of miracles wasn't past.

"Ho!" said Mr. Armstrong. "You need a lesson. I'll take that bet, young lady—only I'll give you ten to one."

"No," said Sally. "You won't! I ought to give you odds—"

Peter's father stared at her, curiously. She didn't care what he thought.

"All right," he said. And his voice, somehow, was pleasanter. "Even money, then." He held out his hand, and, reluctantly, Sally shook it.

Peter didn't lose the next hole. But he didn't win it, either. He couldn't very well, because though he played it perfectly, so did Carson. And now Carson was dormie—three up, three to go.

They had to walk through the woods from the 15th green to the next tee, and Sally called to Peter, walking along, his head down, a little ahead. He turned and waited.

"Fine show you're putting on!" said Mr. Armstrong.

"Sorry, sir. It is pretty sour."

"Peter!" said Sally. "I just bet your father ten dollars you'd win this match. He wanted to bet me ten to one you wouldn't, but I said I ought to give him odds, not take them! Peter—!"

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Their Weight in Gold

Continued from page 28

in New York, explained that he and his associated boilermakers had laid down to that weak team because they had not been paid as usual on the evening preceding the game. But, thus summarily fetched to their senses, the team's backers paid in full directly after the game and did not thereafter forget to appear on Friday evenings. And the boys were very appreciative, losing no more games.

Much imagination is expended upon the methods of paying footballers. I know of one youth who, in return for his excellent work at fullback, was paid $25 a week for ringing the college bell each evening. Of course one may easily tire of even this romantic labor. To be at the bell rope every nightfall at stated times cuts deeply into one's social activities. And he was a popular young fellow. So, lest he be interrupted in other and more exciting pleasures at bell-ringing time, a large committee of non-athletic students eager to be of so small a service to the team and the college assumed the responsibility that someone would surely be at the bell rope for the evening's ringing should the greatest of fullbacks be dallying elsewhere.

Easy—for the Stars!

And there have been (and possibly still are) gridiron heroes who eke out their financial existence by playing poker. Of course they do not cheat at cards. They are not card sharks at all. They don't have to be. In fact I've known of some who had some considerable difficulty in learning enough of the game to make it possible for them to deal the right number of cards.

All that these lads had to remember was that they were supposed to play poker on, say, Monday evening in So-and-So's room and that it mattered not in whose lap Lady Luck sat, he, the winner of games, invariably won the amount of money promised him if he should fetch his football talents to that college.

Another prodigy—an end—was not required to exert himself even that much. All that he had to do was to bet the football team's manager every Wednesday night that he could jump over a two-foot stool. And curiously enough he could and always did, winning $35 a week all year.

And there was the manager of the football team who always matched dollars with his stars and always lost, thereby having nothing further to worry about. In another college the All-America captain of the football team got his $40 a week with greater dignity. A large delegation of rich men's sons had made him their purchasing agent for clothing and haberdashery. The gold-crest students would simply tell him that they felt like purchasing a few suits, shirts, neckties, shoes and underwear layouts and he would telephone specified shops which would at once dash forth with the raiment. The merchants would pay him a commission and the purchasers would pay him for his arduous services.

However, conditions are better than they were. No longer may our football stars start their ball-carrying careers the moment they enter college and stick to their trade, leaping from college to college, until their arteries harden. Neither may men, having played their allotted three years or four, return to college for postgraduate work and resume football.

Walter Camp, after being graduated from Yale in 1879, returned to his Alma Mater and put in two more years of excellent work on the team. As late as 1889 postgraduates were bucking the line for Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Penn and other colleges.

In 1889 intercollegiate football was so full of repeaters and ringers and boilermakers that rules were adopted requiring players to attend a fixed number of recitations weekly and debarring men who had received money at any time for their athletic services. Promptly Harvard protested 15 of Princeton's powerful players and Princeton retaliated with charges against four Harvard war horses. Since then neither university has squandered love upon the other.

In those early days a coach had to guard his athletes against kidnappers. Your rivals might steal your entire backfield, if not your whole team. Coaches played with their own teams. In 1889 I saw Hill School and Lawrenceville play a gory game in which George Woodruff of Yale, coach of the Hill School team, played against George of Princeton, coach of Lawrenceville. In 1890 Alonzo Stagg coached and played with Springfield and two years later he rendered like valuable service to the University of Chicago. At the same time I not only coached Oberlin but played on the team. Leonard Wood, starting Georgia Tech on her famous football way, played with that eleven.

Good men were relatively scarce. Today the coach can pick and choose if his dragnet is working well in favorable waters; but in those early days the needed giants were not to be found in sufficient numbers in the classrooms. Therefore they hunted the logging camps, the docks, the iron foundries, the local police force, the boiler factories and the truck drivers' union.

In those days, if 200 pounds of fine football material were able merely to read and write a little, his chances of winning a job on a big college eleven were bright. They took their entrance exams on the gymnasium scales. Today a coach will not look at a prospect who hasn't at least five admission units. And the standard set by the Carnegie Foundation—that 15 units be demanded of the would-be entrant to first-line colleges—has just about ruined the business for the tramp athlete.

The tramp athlete breed is about extinct and his absence is not mourned. Where one football player grew, 20, 30 and 40 years ago, 50 now flourish. And the beauty of it is that almost all of them have enough elementary education to get by the deans. They have to have.

Mr. Price Picks a College

But competition for the best of the prep school and high school stars of today is all the brisker. Greater ingenuity enters into their capture. For example, there was Price. At least nine colleges were after Price, who was the pride of a small Southern town's high school team.

They all made attractive offers and Price, a canny lad, listened to all of them but refused to commit himself to any. He let it be understood that he would yield to the highest bidder. Presently the bidding had reached $700 a year and Price was wavering.

Two Georgia Tech go-getters reached the conclusion that it was time that craft entered the crude auction. They said nothing to Price but traveled hundreds of miles to his home, where they interviewed his father.

The father was amazed at their story of the bidding for his son's ability. Likewise he was a trifle grieved. Nobody

(*Continued on page 56*)

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an expensive and popular coach. He and his assistants cost the institution many thousands of dollars annually.

Are they going to hire these high-priced football instructors and then give them nothing to work on? What does it profit a college to pay a coach $15,000 a season plus a bonus for a winning team and then not lend him all possible moral and financial aid in amassing material? You are hiring a coach, not a magician. Wonderful as his hats may be he can't produce a star backfield out of them—unless, of course, you fill his hats with money.

Wanted: an Education

I know a youth who went to a college which, later, told him not to worry about classes but to conserve all his energies for Saturday afternoons. After two games he went to another college, where he told the coach his ambitions.

"Yes," he said, "they're decent enough to me. But I want an education. In that atmosphere it's impossible. Can't you give me a job? All I want is my tuition and board. I want to study medicine."

His offer was accepted. Today he's a successful surgeon.

It is not at all unlikely that what I have said here will be contested by coaches, athletic managers and whole faculties. I shall be accused, perhaps, of making charges prejudicial to a popular college sport. But I'm not. Football will not be affected by anything I have said any more than the attendance at professional baseball games was affected by the exposé of the gambling players.

I have given you a startling picture of college football, composed of subjects that I have observed in more than 40 years. I would not have you believe that these ringers and boilermakers dominate the game nor that they are even a considerable portion of the great mass of players. The contrary is true. The legitimate student today is hugely in the majority. And gradually, with the entrance examinations becoming more exacting and the scholastic requirements growing taller, the undesirables are vanishing. And football is more popular with the public than ever.

THE END

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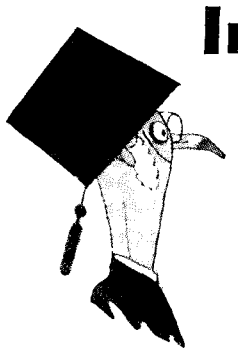

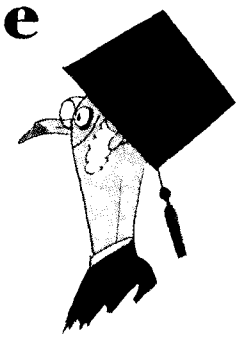

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	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M 2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x		x
	Century 125	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
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Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
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Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
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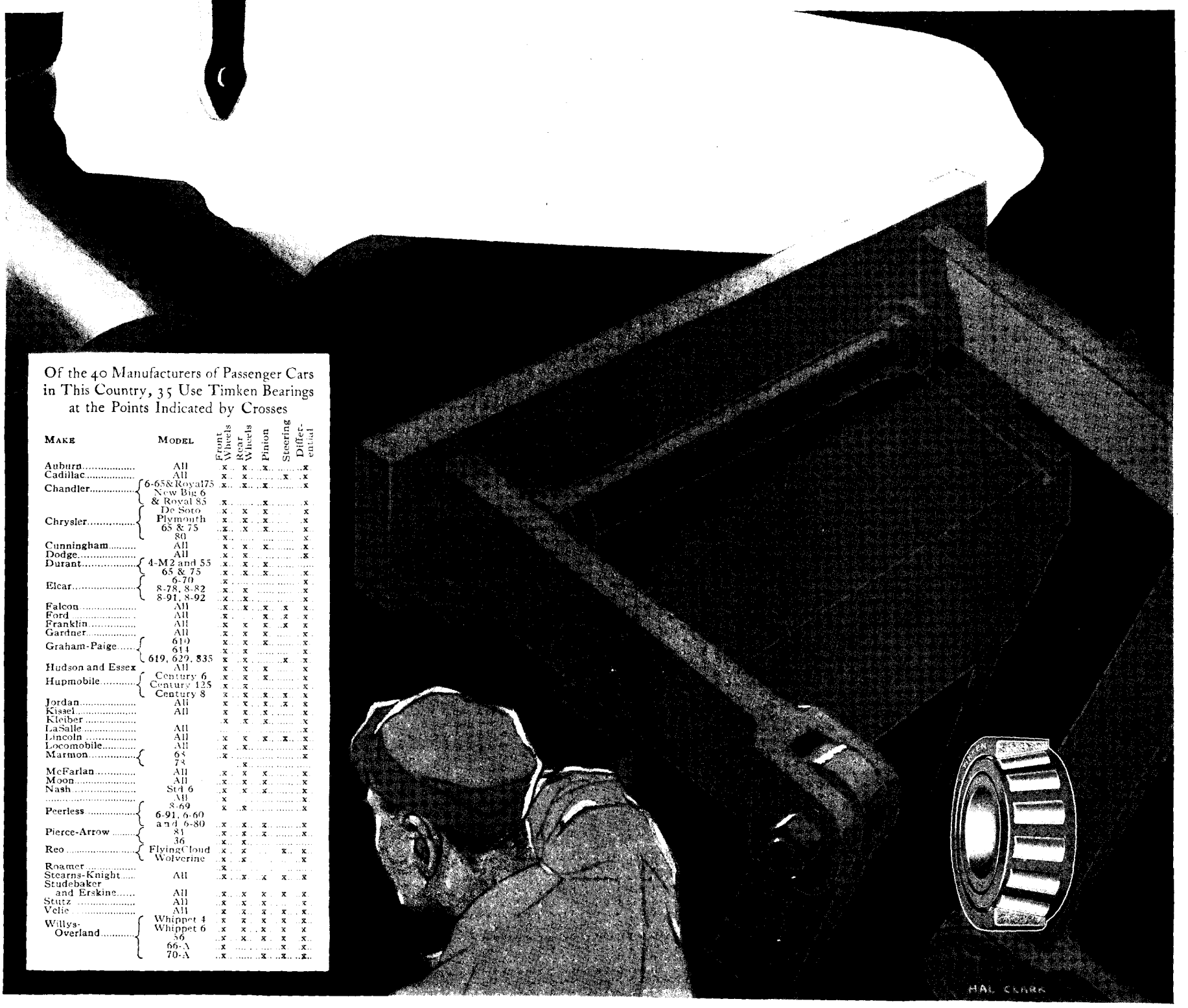

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